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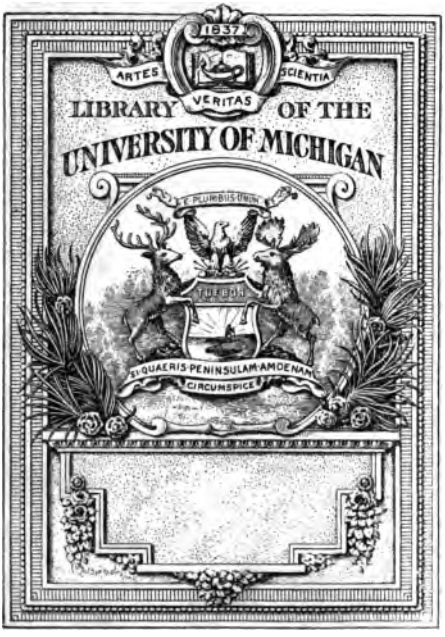
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

DRYDEN.

VOLUME IV.

MELEAGER and ATALANTA.

Out of the EIGHTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theſeus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was impoſed on them by Minos king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digreſſion to the ſtory of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the moſt inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoſes: for he only ſays, that Theſeus obtained ſuch honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourſe to him in their neceſſities; and, amongſt others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him, the Caledonians ſought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cauſe, a boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging miniſter.
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty bleſs'd,
In gifts to heaven his gratitude expreſs'd:
Cull'd ſheaves, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd ſheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's ſhrine.

Beginning from the rural Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity in every kind was bleſs'd,
Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the queen of night,
Fir'd with diſdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Not unreveng'd that impious act ſhall be.
Swift as the word, ſhe ſped the boar away,
With charge on thoſe devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian paſtures feed,
And none ſo large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, ſuffus'd with blood;
His neck ſhoots up a thickſet thorny wood;
His briſtled back a trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected, like a field of ſpears.
Froth fills his chaps, he ſends a grunting ſound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tuſks with Indian elephants he ſtrove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the ſcorching blaſt invades
The tender corn, and ſhrivels-up the blades:
Or, ſuffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the ſpikes, and intercepts the yea
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad;
In vain the hinds the threſhing-floor prepare,
And exerciſe their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is ſtrow'd,
And grapes ungather'd ſhed their generous blood.

Amid the fold he rages, nor the ſheep
Their ſhepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themſelves ſecure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his choſen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praiſe purſue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to ſtars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery ſteed;
Then iſſued forth fam'd Jaſon after theſe,
Who mann'd the foremoſt ſhip that ſail'd the ſeas;
Then Theſeus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
A ſingle concord in a double name:
The Theſtian ſons, Idas who ſwiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acaſtus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' ſon;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippaſus the ſtrong;
With twice old Iolas, and Neſtor then but young.
Caertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopſus the ſage, who future things foretold;
And t'other ſeer yet by his wife unſold.
A thouſand others of immortal fame;
Among the reſt fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her veſt behind, that elſe had flow'd upon the ground,
And ſhew'd her buſkin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;

Which in a ſimple knot was ty'd above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her ſounding quiver on her ſhoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart, and one a bow ſupply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph diſplay'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The bluſhing beauties of a modeſt maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averſe. O happy youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy fates reſerve ſo fair a bride!
He ſigh'd, and had no leiſure more to ſay:
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to purſue the now neglected prey.
There ſtood a foreſt on the mountain's brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded plains below,
No ſounding ax preſum'd thoſe trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable ſight.
The heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The toils, ſome ſearch the footſteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger ſought:
A valley ſtood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moiſt and marſhy ground,
Whoſe edges were with bending oſiers crown'd;
The knotty bulruſh next in order ſtood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

'rom hence the boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain,
e lightning ſudden on the warrior-train;
ts down the trees before him, ſhakes the ground,
e foreſt echoes to the crackling ſound:
ut the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
ſtood with their protended ſpears prepar'd,
th broad ſteel heads the brandiſh'd weapons glar'd.
e beaſt impetuous with his tuſks aſide
ls glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
ſpend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
ıion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his mark,
d ſtuck his boar-ſpear on a maple's bark,
en Jaſon; and his javelin ſeem'd to take,
t fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
)pſus was next; but ere he threw, addreſs'd
Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy prieſt.
I adore, and ever have ador'd
ıy power divine, thy preſent aid afford;
ıat I may reach the beaſt. The God allow'd
s prayer, and, ſmiling, gave him what he could:
reach'd the ſavage, but no blood he drew,
ın unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaf'd the boar, his noſtrils flames expire,
ıd his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
hirl'd from a ſling, or from an engine thrown,
nidſt the foes, ſo flies a mighty ſtone,
; flew the beaſt; the left wing put to flight,
ıe chiefs o'erborn, he ruſhes on the ıight.
ıpalamos and Pelagon he laid
duſt, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.

Oneſimus far'd worſe, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more ſuſtain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the plain.
Neſtor had fail'd the fall of Troy to ſee,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monſtrous foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a ſtump his tuſk the monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, truſting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continued wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future ſtars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horſes were;
Conſpicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandiſh'd at the foe:
Nor had they miſs'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming ſpears, not pervious to the ſte
But Telamon ruſh'd in, and happ'd to meet
A riſing root, that held his faſten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, ſprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Mean time the virgin-huntreſs was not ſlow
T' expel the ſhaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the faſten'd arrow ſtood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She bluſh'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applauſe, and the fair archer prais

He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting ax:
Then, forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.
Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance: to whom from far,
Thus Theseus cry'd: O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart.
The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus cry'd
His force too near, and by presuming dy'd
He said, and while he spake, his javelin shoot,
Hissing in air th' unerring weapon flew,

But on an arm of oak, that ſtood betwixt
The marks-man and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jaſon threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and ſlew an undeſerving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two ſpears from Meleager's hand were ſent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The firſt was fix'd in earth, the ſecond ſtood
On the boar's briſtled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd ſavage turns around,
And flings about his foam impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author cloſe at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled ſtrokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he ſpins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his ſoul expires.
This act with ſhouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and ſtrain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, ſcarce ſecure, reach out their ſpears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnerſhip of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impreſs'd
On the ſtrong neck of that deſtructive beaſt;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, ſaid he, fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, ſuffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praiſe, with thine:

At

At this preſents her with the tuſky head
And chine, with riſing briſtles roughly ſpread.
Glad, ſhe receiv'd the gift; and ſeem'd to take
With double pleaſure, for the giver's ſake.
The reſt were ſeiz'd with ſullen diſcontent,
And a deaf murmur through the ſquadron went:
All envy'd; but the Theſtyan brethren ſhow'd
The leaſt reſpect, and thus they vent their ſpleen aloud:
Lay down thoſe honour'd ſpoils, nor think to ſhare,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Truſt not thy beauty; but reſtore the prize,
Which he, beſotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with ſpite,
From her they ſnatch'd the gift, from him the giver's right.

But ſoon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper coſt,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boaſt.
At this advanc'd, and ſudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' boſom plung'd the ſword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement ſlow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he ſtood,
Receiv'd the ſteel bath'd in his brother's blood.

Pleas'd with the firſt, unknown the ſecond news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues

For

For her ſon's conqueſt; when at length appear
Her griſly brethren ſtretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the ſudden ſight, ſhe chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cauſe, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her ſoul; at laſt 'twas rage alone;
Which burning upwards in ſucceſſion dries
The tears that ſtood conſidering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When ſhe was labouring in the throes of birth:
For th' unborn chief the fatal ſiſters came,
And rais'd it up, and toſs'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a ſcanty meaſure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning ſung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal deſtiny:
So vaniſh'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung haſty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
The log in ſecret lock'd, ſhe kept with care,
And that, while thus preſerv'd, preſerv'd her heir.
This brand ſhe now produc'd; and firſt ſhe ſtrows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, ſhe thrice repreſs'd:
The ſiſter and the mother long conteſt,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breaſt;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;

No

Now lowering looks preſage approaching ſtorms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Reſolv'd, ſhe doubts again; the tears, ſhe dry'd
With bluſhing rage, are by new tears ſupply'd:
And as a ſhip, which winds and waves aſſail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempeſt, and th' impetuous ſeas:
So fares Althæa's mind; firſt ſhe relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Siſter and mother long the ſcales divide,
But the beam nodded on the ſiſter's ſide.
Sometimes ſhe ſoftly ſigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But ſighs were ſtifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To pleaſe her brother's ghoſts, her ſon ſhould bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to riſe,
Receive, ſhe ſaid, a ſiſter's ſacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, ſhe held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile ſhe bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging ſiſters, come and view
A ſiſter paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I puniſh, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes muſt be with greater crimes repaid,
And ſecond funerals on the former laid.

Let the whole houſhold in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curſe o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus ſtill allow
One ſon, while Theſtius ſtands depriv'd of two?
Better three loſt, than one unpuniſh'd go.
Take then, dear ghoſts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A coſtly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye ſhades, and let your ſiſter's iſſue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deſerves it, he deſerves it not from me.
Then ſhall th' unpuniſh'd wretch inſult the ſlain,
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin ſhades, the ſport of winds, are toſt
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coaſt.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis paſt, 'tis done;
Periſh this impious, this deteſted ſon;
Periſh his ſire, and periſh I withal;
And let the houſe's heir, and the hop'd kingdom fall.
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains which with ten months I ſtrove!
Ah! hadſt thou dy'd, my ſon, in infant years,
Thy little herſe had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'ſt by me; to me thy breath reſign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preſerv'd from fire:

One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee reſtore.
I would, but cannot: my ſon's image ſtands
Before my ſight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance theſe exact,
This pleads compaſſion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjuſtly, ſhall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghoſts their due,
My ſon requires my death, and mine ſhall his purſue.
At this for the laſt time ſhe lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or ſeem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themſelves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have ſhrunk away.
Juſt then the hero caſt a doleful cry,
And in thoſe abſent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honeſt wound, and by a death ſo dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, ſiſters, ſire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long ſigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his laſt adieu:

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Out of the EIGHTH BOOK of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, purſuing the deeds of Theſeus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to ſtay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an iſland by Neptune, at his requeſt. Pirithous, being an atheiſt, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theſeus, to confirm the ſtory of Achelous, relates another metamorphoſis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witneſs.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's ſon,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
He ſhook his impious head, and thus replies,
Theſe legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly ſway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.

The

The reſt, of better minds, their ſenſe declar'd
Againſt this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex roſe, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with ſober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and ſea,
The manufacture maſs, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompaſs'd round,
Stand on a moderate riſe, with wonder ſhown,
One a hard oak, a ſofter linden one:
I ſaw the place and them, by Pittheus ſent
To Phrygian realms, my grandſire's government.
Not far from thence is ſeen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fiſhing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in diſguiſe
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aſide his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilſome ſteps together trod;
For harbour at a thouſand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable houſe they found,
A homely ſhed; the roof, not far from gound,
Was thatch'd with reeds and ſtraw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their ſtore,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor alm'd at wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For maſter or for ſervant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.

Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now ſtooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome firſt expreſs'd)
A common ſettle drew for either gueſt,
Inviting each his weary limbs to reſt.
But ere they ſat, officious Baucis lays
Two cuſhions ſtuff'd with ſtraw, the ſeat to raiſe;
Coarſe, but the beſt ſhe had; then takes the load
Of aſhes from the hearth, and ſpreads abroad
The living coals, and leſt they ſhould expire,
With leaves and barks ſhe feeds her infant-fire:
It ſmokes, and then with trembling breath ſhe blows,
Till in a chearful blaze the flames aroſe.
With bruſh-wood and with chips ſhe ſtrengthens theſe,
And adds at laſt the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, ſhe ſets the kettle on,
(Like burniſh'd gold the little ſeether ſhone)
Next took the coleworts which her huſband got
From his own ground (a ſmall well-water'd ſpot;)
She ſtripp'd the ſtalks of all their leaves; the beſt
She cull'd, and then with handy care ſhe dreſs'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon ſeiz'd it with a prong,
And from the ſooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a ſlice, but ſcarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little ſtore,
Which for their ſakes alone he wiſh'd were more.

This

This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the fleſh, and drain the ſalt away.
The time between, before the fire they ſat,
And ſhorten'd the delay by pleaſing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their gueſts; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their ſweat:
This done, the hoſt produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the ſted,
Which with no coſtly coverlet they ſpread;
But coarſe old garments, yet ſuch robes as theſe
They laid alone, at feaſts, on holydays.
The good old houſewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables ſet; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thruſt, beneath the limping leg, a ſherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholeſome herb, that breath'd a grateful ſcent.
Pallas began the feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order ſerv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preſerv'd:
A garden-ſallad was the third ſupply,
Of endive, radiſhes, and ſuccory:

Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' buſy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roaſted rare.
All theſe in earthen-ware were ſerv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher ſtor'd
With liquor of the beſt the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his ſide
Stood beechen bowls; and theſe were ſhining clean,
Varniſh'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table ſent the ſmoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A ſavory bit, that ſerv'd to reliſh wine:
The wine itſelf was ſuiting to the reſt,
Still working in the muſt, and lately preſs'd.
The ſecond courſe ſucceeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery ſtore,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were ſet
In caniſters, t' inlarge the little treat:
All theſe a milk-white honey-comb ſurround,
Which in the midſt the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hoſts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might diſcern with eaſe
A willing mind, and a deſire to pleaſe.
Mean time the beechen bowls went round, and ſtill,
Though often empty'd, were obſerv'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
n without feet, and danc'd about the board.

Devotion ſeiz'd the pair, to ſee the feaſt
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excuſing, as they could, their country fare.
One gooſe they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for ſacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they purſued:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her maſter's compliment;
But perſecuted, to the powers ſhe flies,
And cloſe between the legs of Jove ſhe lies.
He with a gracious ear the ſuppliant heard,
And ſav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The neighbourhood, ſaid he,
Shall juſtly periſh for impiety:
You ſtand alone exempted; but obey
With ſpeed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave theſe accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Aſcend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haſte; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The truſty ſtaff (their better leg) ſupply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there ſecure, but ſpent with travel, ſtop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Loſt in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery deſert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an iſle, remains:

Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplo
Their neighbours fate, and country now no mor
Their little ſhed ſcarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height an
to grow.
A ſtately temple ſhoots within the ſkies;
The crotchets of their cot in columns riſe:
The pavement poliſh'd marble they behold,
The gates with ſculpture grac'd, the ſpires and tile
gold.
Then thus the ſire of Gods, with looks ſerene,
Speak thy deſire, thou only juſt of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with ſuch a man in marriage bound.
A while they whiſper; then, to Jove addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint requeſt.
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred ſhrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And ſince not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domeſtic ſtrife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither ſhe
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathleſs Baucis to the ſepulchre.
The Godheads ſign their ſuit. They run their race
In the ſame tenor all th' appointed ſpace;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
Theſe paſt adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon ſeen
Sprouting with ſudden leaves of ſprightly green:

Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon ſtood,
And ſaw his lengthen'd arms a ſprouting wood:
New roots their faſten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies ſtiffen in a riſing rind:
Then, ere the bark above their ſhoulders grew,
They give and take at once their laſt adieu;
At once, farewel, O faithful ſpouſe, they ſaid;
At once th' incroaching rinds their cloſing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan ſhows
A ſpreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I ſaw myſelf the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering freſher up, with pious prayer,
The good, ſaid I, are God's peculiar care,
And ſuch as honour heaven, ſhall heavenly honour ſhare.

The FABLE of

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

From the Ninth BOOK of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.

He

He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbering, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the labouring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;

Devoutly

Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.
The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandſire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd: for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one ſchool they grew.

Thus

Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heaven muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that 's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:
Not this unkindly curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.
Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two ſexes to preſerve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!

Crete,

Crete, fam'd for monſters, wanted of her ſtore,
Till my new love produc'd one monſter more.
The daughter of the ſun a bull deſir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her paſſion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the means to compaſs her intent.
To cheat his eyes, ſhe took a different ſhape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conſpire,
Should Dœdalus aſſiſt my wild deſire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguiſh then thy paſſion, hopeleſs maid,
And recollect thy reaſon for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive theſe golden wiſhes from thy thought.
Thou canſt not hope thy fond deſires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wiſhes are in vain.
And yet no guards againſt our joys conſpire;
No jealous huſband hinders our deſire;
My parents are propitious to my wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the bliſs.
All things concur to proſper our deſign;
All things to proſper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis paſt the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own deſires agree;

]

But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her aſſiſtance to my love;
She ſets the bar that cauſes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou, Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhould Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lie?
  Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.
  She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay:
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But, having done whate'er ſhe could devile,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to prayer,
She and her daughter with diſhevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
  Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Phariſian iſle,
And ſeven-fold falls of diſembogning Nile;

Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.
Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame, and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears purſued her words; and while ſhe ſp
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
The whiteneſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.

The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inſcription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their preſence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Deſcended to complete their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION and the STATUE.

From the TENTH BOOK of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into ſtone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, deteſted all women for their ſake, and reſolved never to marry. He falls in love with a ſtatue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his deſcendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter inceſtuouſly loves her own father; for which ſhe is changed into a tree which bears her name. Theſe two ſtories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYgmalion, loathing their laſcivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but moſt a wife:
So ſingle choſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a conſort of his bed:
Yet, fearing idleneſs, the nurſe of ill,
In ſculpture exercis'd his happy ſkill;
And carv'd in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work; but, in her own defence,
Muſt take her pattern here, and copy hence.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the thing ador'd deſires.
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And, had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One would have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd; but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;
He knows 'tis madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he ſtrain'd the breaſt,
And on the lips a burning kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breaſt reſiſts the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiſs unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the ſtatue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he ſeeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furniſhes her cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded ſhelves with rarities of ſhells;

Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling ſtones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And ſinging-birds in ſilver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were ſorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, faſhionable robes her perſon deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple ſpread:
The ſolemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandiſhments invites her to his ſide,
And as ſhe were with vital ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow reſt.

The feaſt of Venus came, a ſolemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, firſt approach'd the ſhrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair ſtatue mine, he would have ſaid,
But chang'd his words for ſhame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeneſs of my ivory maid.

The

The golden Goddeſs, preſent at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the ſign of granting his deſire;
For thrice in chearful flames aſcends the fire.
The youth, returning to his miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breaſt, by the dear ſtatue lies.
He kiſſes her white lips, renews the bliſs,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiſs:
He thought them warm'd before; nor longer ſtays,
But next his hand on her hard boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd the breaſt beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas fleſh, but fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the dint.
The pleaſing taſk he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former maſs to form, and frame to uſe.
He would believe, but yet is ſtill in pain,
And tries his argument of ſenſe again,
Preſſes the pulſe, and feels the leaping vein,
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudied thanks and praiſe,
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with ſurprize.
The Goddeſs, preſent at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,

That ere ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliſs, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINY

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Out of the TENTH BOOK of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this ſtory with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the laſt: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far diſtant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither ſhe fled. You will ſee the reaſon of this note, ſoon after the firſt lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his ſire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a ſire.
Daughters and fathers, from my ſong retire:
I ſing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhould not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleaſure of my ſong be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt event,
And with the ſin believe the puniſhment:
Since nature could behold ſo dire a crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my native clime,
That ſuch a land, which ſuch a monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our Thracian ſhore.

Let Araby extol her happy coaſt,
Her cinnamon and ſweet Amomum boaſt,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanſe her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Diſowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee thoſe infernal pains,
And ſhot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy ſire, had merited a curſe:
But ſuch an impious love deſerv'd a worſe.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chooſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret ſoul ſhe ſaid:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred laws, my ſoul defend
From ſuch a crime as all mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in human breaſt!
But is it ſin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd ſin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then theſe envious laws began,
Made not for any other beaſt but man!

The

The father-bull his daughter may beſtride,
The horſe may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the luſty ram,
Or more ſalacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick ſhe bore,
And make a huſband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All creatures elſe are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleaſure bind,
Nor thoughts of ſin diſturb their peace of mind.
But man a ſlave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himſelf what nature gives:
Too buſy ſenates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a ſpice of envy in the laws,
And, ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but thoſe which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their ſires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy ſtray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deſerves to kindle my deſires,
But with the love that daughters bear to ſires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverſeneſs of my fate is ſuch,
That he 's not mine, becauſe he 's mine too much:

Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow:
Fain would begin, but underſtands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the laſt mortal ſtroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either ſide,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irreſolute on which ſhe ſhould rely,
At laſt, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
On that ſad thought ſhe reſts; reſolv'd on death,
She riſes, and prepares to choak her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone ſhe ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewel, ſhe ſoftly cries;
For thee I die, and only wiſh to be
Not hated, when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cauſe;
This ſaid, about her neck the nooſe ſhe draws;
The nurſe, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And ſighs and hollow ſounds: ſurpriz'd with fright,
She ſtarts, and leaves her bed, and ſprings a light:
Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
The dying ſaw, and inſtruments of death;
She ſhrieks, ſhe cuts the zone with trembling haſte,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for ſhe now had leiſure for her tears)
She weeping aſk'd, in theſe her blooming years,
What unforeſeen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loathe her life, and languiſh in deſpair!

Thus ſhe; but Cinyras, who daily ſees,
A crowd of noble ſuitors at his knees,
Among ſo many, knew not whom to chooſe,
Irreſolute to grant, or to refuſe.
But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer?
The bluſhing maid ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking ſigh'd: and as ſhe ſigh'd, began
Round tears to ſhed, that ſcalded as they ran.
The tender ſire, who ſaw her bluſh and cry,
Aſcrib'd it all to maiden-modeſty;
And dry'd the falling drops, and, yet more kind,
He ſtrok'd her cheeks, and holy kiſſes join'd:
She felt a ſecret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleaſure than a daughter ſhould;
And, aſk'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the beſt; ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
Miſtaking what ſhe meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her ſo continue ſtill:
The word of Pious heard, ſhe bluſh'd with ſhame
Of ſecret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when ſlumbers cloſe
Our eyes, and ſooth our cares with ſoft repoſe;
But no repoſe could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as ſhe roll'd her mind:
Mad with deſire, ſhe ruminates her ſin,
And wiſhes all her wiſhes o'er again:
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
Would not, and would again, ſhe knows not why;

Stops,

My long-experienc'd age ſhall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay diſtruſt aſide:
No breath of air ſhall on the ſecret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body proſtrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her bluſhes, hid her head:
There ſilent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but ſhe receiv'd not the command;
Remaining ſtill importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or aſk no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or ſtaying ſpare my ſhame;
What thou wouldſt hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And, trembling both with age and terror, ſtands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandiſhments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or diſcloſe
What part of it ſhe knew, if ſhe no farther knows:
And laſt, if conſcious to her counſel made,
Confirms anew the promiſe of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but ſoon, oppreſs'd
With ſhame, reclin'd it on her nurſe's breaſt;
Bath'd it with tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd:
Twice ſhe began, and ſtopp'd; again ſhe try'd;
The faltering tongue its office ſtill deny'd:
At laſt her veil before her face ſhe ſpread,
And drew a long preluding ſigh, and ſaid,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!

Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman ſhook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghaſtly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror ſtood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than ſhe would:
Much ſhe reproach'd, and many things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the madneſs of th' unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha ſtood convict of ill;
Her reaſon vanquiſh'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverſe of mind, unable to reply,
She ſtood reſolv'd or to poſſeſs, or die.
At length the fondneſs of a nurſe prevail'd
Againſt her better ſenſe, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, ſince ſuch is thy deſire,
Thy love, ſhe ſaid; ſhe durſt not ſay, thy ſire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a ſe nd oath her faith confirms.
The ſolemn feaſt of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen ſtoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in proceſſion walk the pious train,
Offering firſt-fruits, and ſpikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they ſhun,
And, ſanctifying harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forſook her lord,
And Ceres' power with ſecret rites ador'd:
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curſt occaſion took: the king ſhe found
Eaſy with wine, and deep in pleaſure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confeſs'd the paſſion, but conceal'd the name.

Her form ſhe prais'd; the monarch aſk'd her years,
And ſhe reply'd, the ſame that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the taſk was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was inſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſued her luſt;
For guilty pleaſures give a double guſt.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha haſten'd to the crime deſir'd;
The moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd;
The ſtars amaz'd ran backward from the ſight,
And, ſhrunk within their ſockets, loſt their light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin ſign, in heaven the ſecond name,
Slides down the belt, and from her ſtation flies,
And night with ſable clouds involves the ſkies.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black intent:
She ſtumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice did the funeral owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of ſhame, becauſe ſecure of ſight;
Ev'n bluſhful ſins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:

The

The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;
Thus far her courage held, but here forſakes;
Her faint knees knock at every ſtep ſhe makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorſe, and horror of her ſin;
Repents too late her criminal deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe could retire.
Her lingering thus, the nurſe (who fear'd delay
The fatal ſecret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And ſaid to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus ſaying, ſhe deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The fire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd ſheets;
He found ſhe trembled, but believ'd ſhe ſtrove
With maiden modeſty, againſt her love;
And ſought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he ſaid, My daughter, ceaſe thy fears,
(Becauſe the title ſuited with her years;)
And, Father, ſhe might whiſper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the ſin.
Full of her fire, ſhe left th' inceſtuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime ſhe bred:
Another, and another night ſhe came;
For frequent ſin had left no ſenſe of ſhame:
Till Cinyras deſir'd to ſee her face,
Whoſe body he had held in cloſe embrace,

And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to ſight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no ſpeech afford,
But from the ſheath he drew th' avenging ſword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd firſt the ſin, ſecur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the ſpacious fields, ſhe bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then paſs'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unſupply'd with ſtrength,
And with the burden of her womb oppreſs'd;
Sabæan fields affords her needful reſt:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguiſh of her ſpirit, thus ſhe pray'd:
Ye powers, if any ſo propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your judgments, I confeſs, are juſtly ſent:
Great ſins deſerve as great a puniſhment:
Yet ſince my life the living will profane,
And ſince my death the happy dead will ſtain,
A middle ſtate your mercy may beſtow,
Betwixt the realms above, and thoſe below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At leaſt, ſhe did her laſt requeſt obtain;
For, while ſhe ſpoke, the ground began to riſe,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:

Her

Her toes in roots deſcend, and, ſpreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her ſolid bones convert to ſolid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind.
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind.
And now the riſing tree her womb inveſts,
Now, ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades her breaſts,
And ſhades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She ſunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward ſhape ſhe loſt her ſenſe,
With bitter tears ſhe wept her laſt offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps, nor ſheds her tears in vain;
For ſtill the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the miſbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, diſtends with deadly throes
The ſwelling rind, with unavailing ſtrife,
To leave the wooden womb, and puſhes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppreſs'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain:
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole ſends out a hollow ſound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and ſtood
Beſide the ſtruggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to ſpeed the throes,
And ſpoke the powerful ſpells that babes to birth diſcloſe.

The bark divides, the living load to free,
And ſafe delivers the convulſive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And waſh him in the tears the parent plant diſtill'd.
They ſwath'd him with their ſcarfs; beneath him ſprea
The ground with herbs; with roſes rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
Ev'n envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they ſhow
Their utmoſt art, on naked Loves beſtow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiſcover'd haſte,
The future but a length behind the paſt:
So ſwift are years: the babe, whom juſt before
His grandſire got, and whom his ſiſter bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himſelf at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave deſires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

Out of the TENTH BOOK of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the ſon of Lucifer (the morning ſtar), and king of Trachin in Theſſaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the huſband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he ſucceeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo; and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, ſlain by Diana; Ceyx prepared a ſhip to ſail to Claros, there to conſult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid ſeems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with thoſe that happen'd ſince,
He purpoſes to ſeek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unſafe the road.
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd ſo well,
The fatal voyage, he reſolv'd, conceal:
But when ſhe ſaw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran ſhivering to her heart:

Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfiniſh'd on her tongue,
Or vaniſh'd into ſighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, what fault unknown
Thy once-belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindneſs gone!
Can Ceyx then ſuſtain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forſake the ſweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'ſt thou abſence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goeſt by land, though grief poſſeſs
My ſoul ev'n then, my fears will be the leſs.
But ah! be warn'd to ſhun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the ſtormy ſea.
For late I ſaw a-drift diſjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let falſe hopes to truſt betray thy mind,
Becauſe my ſire in caves conſtrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appeaſe,
They fear his whiſtle, and forſake the ſeas;
Not ſo, for once, indulg'd, they ſweep the main:
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
But bent on miſchief bear the waves before,
And, not content with ſeas, inſult the ſhore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted foreſts fly before their rage:

At once the claſhing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run acroſs the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempeſt they command alone,
And he but ſits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But, if not fears or reaſons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd the obſtinate to ſail,
Go not without thy wife,* but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal ſhare,
And preſent ſuffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows ſhall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
Theſe reaſons mov'd her ſtarlike huſband's heart,
But ſtill he held his purpoſe to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the ſeas expoſe his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But ſought by arguments to ſooth her pain;
Nor theſe avail'd; at length he ights on one,
With which ſo difficult a cauſe he won:
My love, ſo ſhort an abſence ceaſe to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I ſwear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay prevails;
He ſoon equips the ſhip, ſupplies the ſails,

And gives the word to lanch; ſhe trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Laſt, with a kiſs, ſhe took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a ſad preſage, and ſwooning fell;
While Ceyx ſeeks delays, the luſty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breaſts, the ſhip with fury flew.

The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her huſband on the poop eſpies
Shaking his hand at diſtance on the main;
She took the ſign; and ſhook her hand again.
Still, as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With ſharpen'd ſight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by riſing gales,
She follow'd with her ſight the flying ſails:
When ev'n the flying ſails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all ſight, ſhe left the ſhore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And ſought in ſleep her weary'd eyes to cloſe:
Her huſband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former ſmart.

And now a breeze from ſhore began to blow,
The ſailors ſhip their oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their yards a-trip, and all their ſails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the veſſel half her courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing ſun;

Both

Both ſhores were loſt to fight, when, at the cloſe
Of day, a ſtiffer gale at eaſt aroſe:
The ſea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, firſt denounce the watery war.
This ſeen, the maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the top-ſail; let the main-ſheet fly,
And furl your ſails: the winds repel the ſound,
And in the ſpeaker's mouth the ſpeech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their oars, or ſtop the leaky ſides,
Another bolder yet the yard beſtrides,
And folds the ſails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding ſeas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confuſion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the ſky,
And wage inteſtine wars; the ſuffering ſeas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their tyrants pleaſe.
The maſter would command, but, in deſpair
Of ſafety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempeſt to ſuch fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his ſkill;
With ſuch a concourſe comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling ſhrowds;
Seas daſh on ſeas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flaſh, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves aſcending ſcale the ſkies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:

When yellow ſands are ſifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden ſhow:
And when the fouler bottom ſpews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted ſeas,
And change their colour, changing their diſeaſe.
Like various fits the Trachin veſſel finds,
And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty ſummit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether ſky;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their ſight,
And at a diſtance ſee ſuperior light:
The laſhing billows make a loud report,
And beat her ſides, as battering-rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears againſt his prey;
Sidelong to ſeize: or, unapall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and ruſhes on the ſpear:
So ſeas impell'd by winds with added power
Aſſault the ſides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings waſh'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach diſplay:
The roaring waters with a hoſtile tide
Ruſh through the ruins of her gaping ſide.
Mean time in ſheets of rain the ſky deſcends,
And ocean ſwell'd with waters upwards tends,
One riſing, falling one; the heavens and ſea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The ſails are drunk with ſhowers, and drop with rai
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.

No ſtar appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkneſs and tempeſt make a double night.
But flaſhing fires diſcloſe the deep by turns,
And, while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their ſcatter'd force unite,
And as a ſoldier, foremoſt in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an hoſt alone
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breaſt,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous ſway,
And from the walls deſcends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conquering ſhout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to ſhare
The city, thus become the ſeat of war.
An univerſal cry reſounds aloud,
The ſailors run in heaps, a helpleſs crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no ſuccour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, ſtupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud ſhrieks laments his loſt eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods implores,
And up'n the ſkies he cannot ſee, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts beſtows,
His careful father, and his faithful ſpouſe.

The

The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her abſence joys:
His wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her:
Now with laſt looks he ſeeks his native ſhore,
Which fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;
He ſought, but in the dark tempeſtuous night
He knew not whither to direct his ſight.
So whirl the ſeas, ſuch darkneſs blinds the ſky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ſhip ran round; the tempeſt tore
Her maſt, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and, with a ſcornful brow,
Proud of her conqueſt gain'd, inſults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toſs'd on ſeas: preſs'd with the ponderous blow
Down ſinks the ſhip within th' abyſs below:
Down with the veſſel ſink into the main
The many, never more to riſe again.
Some few on ſcatter'd planks with fruitleſs care
Lay hold, and ſwim, but, while they ſwim, deſpair.
Ev'n he who late a ſceptre did command
Now graſps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his conſort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidſt his prayer,

Names

Names as a charm againſt the waves, and wind;
Moſt in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of ſafety paſt,
From prayers to wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead body, wafted to the ſands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the ſeas, he names the fair,
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At laſt a falling billow ſtops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himſelf appears
That night, his heavenly form obſcur'd with tears;
And ſince he was forbid to leave the ſkies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Obſerves the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wiſhes for a new;
Againſt the promis'd time provides with care,
And haſtens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herſelf employs another loom,
New dreſs'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the ſacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Powers implor'd, but far above the reſt
To Juno ſhe her pious vows addreſs'd,

Her

Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And ſafe o'er ſeas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that ſhe might ſtill poſſeſs his heart,
And no pretending rival ſhare a part;
This laſt petition heard of all her prayer,
The reſt diſpers'd by winds were loſt in air.
But ſhe, the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Reſolv'd the tainted hand ſhould be repell'd,
Which incenſe offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus beſpoke; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haſte to the houſe of ſleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by viſions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Reſembling him who periſh'd in the ſtorm:
This form before Alcyone preſent,
To make her certain of the ſad event.
Indued with robes of various hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an arch (a ſegment of the ſkies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the ſteep
Deſcends to ſearch the ſilent houſe of ſleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowſy God;
Whoſe gloomy manſion nor the riſing ſun,
Nor ſetting, viſits, nor the lightſome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful ſky;
No crowing cock does there his wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:

Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly noiſe the ſacred peace:
Nor beaſt of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempeſts rock'd, nor human cry;
But ſafe repoſe without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Ariſing upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft murmurs calls the coming ſleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool ſimples that ſweet reſt beſtow;
Night from the plants their ſleepy virtue drains,
And paſſing ſheds it on the ſilent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded houſe to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his ſleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-ſted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God
And ſlept ſupine, his limbs diſplay'd abroad:
About his head fantaſtic viſions fly,
Which various images of things ſupply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor ſands upon the ſhore.
The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and bruſh'd the dreams away:
The God, diſturb'd with his new glare of light,
Caſt ſudden on his face, unſeal'd his ſight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which ſunk again,
And ſinking on his boſom knock'd his chin:

Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The ſtormy ſouth o'ertook us in the main;
And never ſhalt thou ſee thy living lord again.
Bear witneſs, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow ſtopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I preſent, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Riſe, wretched widow, riſe, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghoſt to paſs the Stygian ford:
But riſe, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy periſh'd lord.

Thus ſaid the player-god; and, adding art
Of voice and geſture, ſo perform'd his part,
She thought (ſo like her love the ſhade appears)
That Ceyx ſpake the words, and Ceyx ſhed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward ſoul with grief oppreſt,
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept; and ſleeping beat her breaſt:
Then ſtretch'd her arms t'embrace his body bare,
Her claſping arms incloſe but empty air:
At this not yet awake ſhe cry'd, Oh ſtay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, ſo loud ſhe ſpoke,
That, ſtarting ſudden up, the ſlumber broke;
Then caſt her eyes around in hope to view
Her vaniſh'd lord, and find the viſion true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the ſearch, not finding what ſhe ſeeks,
With cruel blows ſhe pounds her blubber'd cheeks;

Then from her beaten breaſt the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurſe demands the cauſe; with louder cries
She proſecutes her griefs, and thus replies.
No more Alcyone, ſhe ſuffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx loſt his breath:
No flattery, no falſe comfort, give me none,
My ſhipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I ſaw, I ſaw him manifeſt in view,
His voice, his figure, and his geſtures knew:
His luſtre loſt, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear ſo fair:
I would have ſtrain'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
But through my arms he ſlipt, and vaniſh'd from the place:
There, ev'n juſt there he ſtood; and as ſhe ſpoke,
Where laſt the ſpectre was, ſhe caſt her look:
Fain would ſhe hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footſteps might be found.
Then ſigh'd and ſaid; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear preſag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and ſuffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to ſtay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours aſſign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!

So had my Ceyx ſtill been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had periſh'd there:
Now I die abſent, in the vaſt profound;
And me without myſelf the ſeas have drown'd.
The ſtorms were not ſo cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive;
But neither will I ſtrive, nor wretched thee
In death forſake, but keep thee company.
If not one common ſepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our laſt remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone ſhall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For ſighs come ruſhing in betwixt her words,
And ſtopt her tongue; but what her tongue deny'd,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints ſupply'd.
'Twas morning; to the port ſhe takes her way,
And ſtands upon the margin of the ſea:
That place, that very ſpot of ground ſhe ſought,
Or thither by her deſtiny was brought,
Where laſt he ſtood: and while ſhe ſadly ſaid,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiſs; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus ſpeaking, while her thoughts paſt actions trace,
And call to mind, admoniſh'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmoſt ken ſhe caſt her eyes,
And ſomewhat floating from afar deſcries;
It ſeem'd a corpſe adrift, to diſtant ſight,
But at a diſtance who could judge aright?

It wafted nearer yet, and then ſhe knew
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A corpſe it was, but whoſe it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, ſhe made the caſe her own:
Took the bad omen of a ſhipwreck'd man,
As for a ſtranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on ſtormy ſeas to loſe thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this ſhe paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the ſide:
The more ſhe looks, the more her fears increaſe,
At nearer ſight; and ſhe 's herſelf the leſs:
Now driven aſhore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe ſees:
Her huſband's corpſe; at this ſhe loudly ſhrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her veſt, and, ſtooping to the ſands,
About his neck ſhe caſt her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'ſt thou to thy longing wife!
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring mole ſhe ſtrode
(Rais'd there to break th' incurſions of the flood);
Headlong from hence to plunge herſelf ſhe ſprings,
But ſhoots along ſupported on her wings;
A bird new-made about the banks ſhe plies,
Not far from ſhore, and ſhort excurſions tries;
Nor ſeeks in air her humble flight to raiſe,
Content to ſkim the ſurface of the ſeas;
Her bill, though ſlender, ſends a creaking noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable voice:

Now lighting where the bloodleſs body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her ſtretch her little wings ſhe ſpread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then, flickering to his pallid lips, ſhe ſtrove
To print a kiſs, the laſt eſſay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiſs, the vulgar doubt alone;
For ſure a preſent miracle was ſhown.
The Gods their ſhapes to winter-birds tranſlate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection ſtill is ty'd,
And ſtill the mournful race is multiply'd;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compreſs'd
Seven days ſits brooding on her floating neſt:
A wintery queen: her ſire at length is kind,
Calms every ſtorm, and huſhes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's eaſe,
And for his hatching nephews ſmooths the ſeas.

ÆSACUS transformed into a CORMORANT.

From the ELEVENTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE ſome old man ſees wanton in the air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant ſhows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That ſable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With ſlender legs, was once of royal blood;
His anceſtors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
(Whoſe beauty tempted Jove to ſteal the boy),
And Priam, hapleſs prince! who fell with Troy:
Himſelf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's ſide of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æſacus by ſtealth in Ida's ſhade.
He fled the noiſy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and ſimple rural ſport,
And ſeldom to the city would reſort.
Yet he no ruſtic clowniſhneſs profeſt,
Nor was ſoft love a ſtranger to his breaſt:
The youth had long the nymph Heſperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead purſued:

Her haply on her father's bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver treſſes dry'd;
Away ſhe fled: not ſtags with half ſuch ſpeed,
Before the prowling wolf, ſcud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the ſafer flood forſake,
Purſued by hawks, ſo ſwift regain the lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot career:
Deſire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A ſnake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices ſhoot:
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by death his fierce purſuit.
Her lifeleſs body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haſte:
O had my love been leſs, or leſs thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accurſed ſnake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging ſide,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he ſought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unaſk'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond fall ſucceſsleſs tries:
The downy plume a quick deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.

His ceaſeleſs ſorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his ſpirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æſacus, the ſon of Priam, loving a country life, forſakes the court: living obſcurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a ſerpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himſelf; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æſacus, believes him to be dead, and raiſes a tomb to preſerve his memory. By this tranſition, which is one of the fineſt in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the ſtory of the Trojan war, which is ſummed up, in the preſent book, but ſo very briefly, in many places, that Ovid ſeems more ſhort than Virgil, contrary to his uſual ſtyle. Yet the Houſe of Fame, which is here deſcribed, is one of the moſt beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoſes. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs,

yield

yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylænome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the ſtory was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd ſon:
A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not ſhare;
Abſent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape, and Aſia to ſubdue.
A thouſand ſhips were mann'd, to ſail the ſea:
Nor had their juſt reſentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, croſs winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raiſe an altar on the ſhore,
And Jove with ſolemn ſacrifice adore;
A boding ſign the prieſts and people ſee:
A ſnake of ſize immenſe aſcends a tree,
And, in the leafy ſummit, ſpy'd a neſt,
Which, o'er her callow young, a ſparrow preſs'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but ſtill in view:
Till the fierce reptile firſt devour'd the brood;
Then ſeiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire oſtent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew

What heaven decreed: and with a ſmiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we ſhall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays ſhall firſt afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth ſhall in the town's deſtruction end.
The ſerpent, who his maw obſcene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But, as in ſpires he ſtood, he turn'd to ſtone:
The ſtony ſnake retain'd the figure ſtill his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their ſails; and Neptune diſobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town ſhould be deſtroy'd,
Whoſe building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not ſo the ſeer; who knew, and known foreſhow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Muſt firſt be reconcil'd; the common cauſe
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping prieſts, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and ſtopp'd the coming blow.
A miſt before the miniſters ſhe caſt;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind ſhe plac'd.
Th' oblation ſlain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The ſtorm was huſh'd, and dimpled ocean ſmil'd:
A favourable gale aroſe from ſhore,
Which to the port deſir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

Full

Full in the midſt of this created ſpace,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and ſkies, there ſtands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating ſound.
The palace of loud fame; her ſeat of power;
Plac'd on the ſummit of a lofty tower;
A thouſand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of freſh reports a flowing tide.
A thouſand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the buſy trade.
'Tis built of braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading ſounds, and multiply the news;
Where echo's in repeated echo's play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor ſilence is within, nor voice expreſs,
But a deaf noiſe of ſounds that never ceaſe;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' inſulted ſhore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to diſtance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or iſſuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where ſome deviſe
Things never heard; ſome mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty ſounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:

Suſpicion,

Suſpicion, with ſedition join'd, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panique fear.
Fame ſits aloft; and ſees the ſubject ground,
And ſeas about, and ſkies above; enquiring all around.
The Goddeſs gives th' alarm; and ſoon is known
The Grecian fleet, deſcending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not ſlow
To guard their ſhore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Proteſilaus falls, and bites the ſtrand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won:
And prov'd the ſtrength unknown of Priam's ſon.
And to their coſt the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From theſe firſt onſets, the Sigæan ſhore
Was ſtrew'd with carcaſes, and ſtain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had ſlain;
Achilles in his car had ſcour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he ſought,
Cygnus he found; on him his force eſſay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned ſteeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He chear'd to courage, with a gentle ſtroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And riſing ſhook his lance, in act to throw.
But firſt he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' ſpear.
The lance purſued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miſs the way,

But

But pierc'd his cuiraſs, with ſuch fury ſent;
And ſign'd his boſom with a purple dint.
At this the ſeed of Neptune; Goddeſs-born,
For ornament, not uſe, theſe arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can ſpare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis ſomewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the ſea to ſpring:
Thy ſire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I ſhould contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impaſſable depart:
He ſaid, and threw: the trembling weapon paſs'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad ſhield, and ſtuck within the laſt.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and ſent again
The hoſtile gift: the hoſtile gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a tough well-choſen ſpear;
Th' inviolable body ſtood ſincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But ſcornful offer'd his unſhielded ſide.
Not otherwiſe th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompaſs'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By ſight of ſcarlet, and a ſanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
In vain purſuing, and in vain purſued.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He ſtood conſidering, and ſurvey'd his lance.

Doubts

Doubts if he wielded not a wooden ſpear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance, he ſaid,
By which ſo many thouſand foes are dead.
O whither is their uſual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrneſſian wall,
And Tenedos, confeſs'd it in their fall.
Thy ſtreams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimſon flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing ſteel,
To wound him firſt, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted proweſs I retain,
Witneſs theſe heaps of ſlaughter on the plain.
He ſaid, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To ſome new trial of his force proceeds.
He choſe Menætes from among the reſt;
At him he lanc'd his ſpear, and pierc'd his breaſt:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay ſupine; and forth the ſpirit fled.
Then thus the hero; Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
The ſame I will employ againſt this foe;
And wiſh but with the ſame ſucceſs to throw.
So ſpoke the chief; and while he ſpoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left ſhoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with ſwift rebound
Harmleſs return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with falſe joy the flatter'd hero chear'd.

Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from ſlain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in cloſe fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high diſdain, repeats his blows;
Nor ſhield nor armour can their force oppoſe;
Huge cantlets of his buckler ſtrew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his fleſh no wound or blood is ſeen;
The ſword itſelf is blunted on the ſkin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the ſon of Neptune, ſtunn'd
With theſe repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A ſickly ſweat ſucceeds, and ſhades of night;
Inverted nature ſwims before his ſight:
Th' inſulting victor preſſes on the more,
And treads the ſteps the vanquiſh'd trod before,
Nor reſt, nor reſpite gives. A ſtone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and ſtopp'd his way:
Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and puſh'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he preſs'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breaſt.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twiſt
He try'd; and ſoon the ſtrangled ſoul diſmiſs'd.
With eager haſte he went to ſtrip the dead;
The vanquiſh'd body from his arms was fled.
His ſea-god ſire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce ſucceeds the labours of this day,
And arms ſuſpended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus ſlain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in ſacrifice: the reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future feaſt,
The chief invited gueſts were ſet around:
And, hunger firſt aſſuag'd, the bowls were crown'd.
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike ſymphony;
Diſcourſe, the food of ſouls, was their delight,
And pleaſing chat prolong'd the ſummer's night.
The ſubject, deeds of arms; and valour ſhown,
Or on the Trojan ſide, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but theſe could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear ſo well?
The laſt great act perform'd, of Cygnus ſlain,
Did moſt the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From ſteel, and which could ev'n that ſteel rebate:

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And ſcarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Neſtor, thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Theſe eyes have ſeen in Cæneus long before,
Whoſe body not a thouſand ſwords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in ſtrength, excell'd,
And ſtill his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd:
But what did moſt his martial deeds adorn,
(Though ſince he chang'd his ſex) a woman born.
A novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of fate,
His liſtening audience aſk'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common ſuit;
O father, firſt for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of ſex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal ſtrife
The youth, without a wound, could loſe his life?
Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time,
Have ſhrunk my ſinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my ſtore,
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace deſign'd,
That action ſtill is freſher in my mind
Than aught beſide. If reverend age can give
To faith a ſanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my ſecond century, I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid;

Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princeſs, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy ſire, perhaps had ſought her bed,
Among the reſt; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promiſe ty'd;
But ſhe to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.
It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the ſandy margin of the ſea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new joys the raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Aſk what thou wilt, no prayer ſhall be deny'd.
This alſo fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a ſhame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all: ſhe ſaid; and while ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtern, majeſtic, manly tone ſhe took.
A man ſhe was: and as the Godhead ſwore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without requeſt:
No force of ſteel ſhould violate his breaſt.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

Now

Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's ſon,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beaſt,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feaſt:
In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'er-ſhade.
They ſate: and, ſummon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with thoſe, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy reſound:
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars ſhone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
A bevy of bright nymphs, with ſober grace),
Came glittering like a ſtar, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wiſh'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wiſhes all employ.
For one, moſt brutal of the brutal blood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride; at once reſolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and faſtening on her hair,
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his beſtial kind
His crime purſued; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance preſented, took: the feaſt
An image of a taken town expreſs'd.
The cave reſounds with female ſhrieks; we riſe,
Mad with revenge, to make a ſwift repriſe:
And Theſeus firſt; What frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breaſt,

To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To juſtify his threat, he thruſts aſide
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride;
The monſter nought reply'd: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjuſt maintain:
But anſwers with his hand; and forward preſs'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breaſt.
An ample goblet ſtood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the riſing gold;
The hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul raviſher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing, through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at firſt, ſupply the fight,
Once inſtruments of feaſts, but now of fate;
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd veſtry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a ſconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the ſacriſty,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when ſome brawny ſacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,

His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground:
His noſe diſmantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound.

This, Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took;
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Againſt his cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent;
Whom ſputtering bloody teeth, the ſecond blow
Of his drawn ſword diſpatch'd to ſhades below.

Grineus was near; and caſt a furious look
On the ſide-altar, cens'd with ſacred ſmoke,
And bright with flaming fires. The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy trade our hands ſupply'd:
Why uſe we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-ſtone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus flew;
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her ſphere to draw the labouring moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpuniſh'd ſhall not go
This fact, if arms are found againſt the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were ſpread
The votive horns of a ſtag's branching head:
At Grineus theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp antlers ſtuck in either eye:
Breathleſs and blind he fell; with blood beſmear'd,
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand

The fire took flame; then daſh'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the fight:
The whiſtling peſt came on, and pierc'd the bone,
And caught the yellow hair, that ſhrivel'd while it ſhone.
Caught, like dry ſtubble fir'd, or like ſeerwood;
Yet from the wound enſued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling maſs of frying blood.
His blazing locks ſent forth a crackling ſound,
And hiſs'd, like red-hot ir'n within the ſmithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior ſhook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horſe could hardly rear)
He heaves the threſhold-ſtone; but could not throw;
The weight itſelf forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and cruſh'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but ſaid,
So by their fellows may our foes be ſped!
Then with redoubled ſtrokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd ſkull within the brains.
Thus fluſh'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, purſued:
Firſt, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he ſlew;
Whoſe fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, What palm is from a beardleſs prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to ſay;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hiſſing in, and chok'd his breath.

At

At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the ſame ſucceſs advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a ſharpen'd ſtake ſtrong Dryas found;
And in the ſhoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon ſtruck: which roaring out with pain
He drew: nor longer durſt the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread poſſeſs'd;
Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breaſt,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering ſlew:
And Augur Aſtylos, whoſe art in vain
From fight diſſuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Neſſus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, Be ſafely ſlow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
Meantime ſtrong Dryas urg'd his chance ſo well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more diſgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his noſe and front, the blow before.
Amid the noiſe and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide ſecurely ſlept.

Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And ſleep thy fill, th' inſulting victor cry'd;
Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his ſoul,
Repaſs'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I ſaw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a ſapling in his hands,
And ſtill obey'd the bent: while thus he ſtood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppreſs'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the reſt
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating ſpear.
This Dictys ſaw; and, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of ſteepy height;
And cruſh'd an aſh beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The ſhatter'd tree receives his fall, and ſtrikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the ſharpen'd ſpikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty ſtone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theſeus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor ſeconded the ſtroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before).

Preſs'd with his knees his ſides; the double man,
His ſpeed with ſpurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero faſten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated ſtrokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and, laſhing up his heels, his rider throws.
The ſame Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippaſus, whoſe beard his breaſt invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland ſhades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to ſtrive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beaſts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful ſight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to diſengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root ſtuck faſt: the broken trunk he ſent
At Theſeus: Theſeus fruſtrates his intent,
And leaps aſide, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To ſhun (for ſo he ſaid; and we believ'd it ſo).
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was caſt;
Which Crantor's body ſunder'd at the waiſt:
Thy father's ſquire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
Their king, his preſent ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus ſent.
Thy ſire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, ſhalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he ſaid, and threw
His aſhen-ſpear, which quiver'd as it flew,

With

With all his force and all his ſoul apply'd;
The ſharp point enter'd in the Centaur's ſide:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the ſteel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it ſtood: inrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his ſhield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the duſt,
He ſped the Centaur, with one ſingle thruſt.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his ſword had ſlain in cloſer war.
To theſe was added Dorylas: who ſpread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With theſe he puſh'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearleſs, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monſter, now, by proof it ſhall appear,
Whether thy horns are ſharper, or my ſpear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud ſhouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finiſh'd, with a ſecond wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he cruſh'd:
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, ruſh'd.
Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſhow
Thy fate (if form to monſters men allow):

Juſt

Juſt bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy ſhoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy ſhapes in every part
So clean, as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man.
Add but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
So roſe his brawny cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it ſhone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome poſſeſs'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor leſs her blandiſhments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confeſſing love.
For him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and ſet in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roſes, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And ſprigs of flowing roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegaſæan fount,
And in the ſtreams that from the fountain play,
She waſh'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
Was ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride;
Spoils of no common beaſt: with equal flame
They lov'd: their ſylvan pleaſures were the ſame:

All

All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, ſide by ſide, they both engage in war.
  Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was ſent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with ſtaggering ſteps, and ſeeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And ſtrove his wandering ſpirits to recal:
And, while her hand the ſtreaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers ſhe clos'd.
Stifled with kiſſes, a ſweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undiſtinguiſh'd cries:
At leaſt her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal ſound.
In madneſs of her grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare boſom the ſharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his ſide,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.
  Ev'n ſtill, methinks, I ſee Phœocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dreſs.
Six lions hides, with thongs together faſt,
His upper part defended to his waiſt;
And where man ended, the continued veſt
Spread on his back the houſs and trappings of a beaſt.
A ſtump too heavy for a team to draw
(It ſeems a fable, though the fact I ſaw);

He

He threw at Pholon; the deſcending blow
Divides the ſkull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from noſe and mouth, and either ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the preſs the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the ſlain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I ſlew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the ſcar).
Then was my time to ſeek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I ſtay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointleſs lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Neſſus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopſus not alone divin'd,
Whoſe valour equal'd his foreſeeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and ſtronger Stiphelus:
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus

Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double race,
Whom the ſpoil'd arms of ſlain Haleſus grace,
In years retaining ſtill his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interſpers'd with wh
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either hoſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty boaſt.
And from a ſtrumpet ſhall we ſuffer ſhame?
For Cænis ſtill, not Cæneus, is thy name:
And ſtill the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy ſex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in ſhew: go, card and ſpin;
And leave the buſineſs of the war to men.
While thus the boaſter exercis'd his pride,
The fatal ſpear of Cæneus reach'd his ſide:
Juſt in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beaſt and upper man.
The monſter mad with rage, and ſtung with ſmar
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It ſtrook; but bounded from his harden'd breaſt;
Like hail from tiles, which the ſafe houſe inveſt;
Nor ſeem'd the ſtroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in cloſer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thruſt; the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thruſts are

I'll prove his ſide: in ſtrong embraces held,
He prov'd his ſide; his ſide the ſword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the ſtroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a ſolid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at laſt, the blade in ſhivers broke.
Th' impaſſive knight ſtood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked ſide:
At length, Now, monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the ſtrength of Cæneus: at the word
He thruſt; and in his ſhoulder plung'd the ſword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breaſt, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs ſaw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd ſucceſs;
And ruſhing on, in crowds, together preſs;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they ſtood; till Monychus began,
O ſhame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the ſtrongeſt creatures, man and horſe:
Nor goddeſs-born, nor of Ixion's ſeed,
We ſeem (a lover built for Juno's bed);
Maſter'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the ſoul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, inſtead of wounds: he chanc'd to ſee
Where ſouthern ſtorms had rooted up a tree;

This

This, rais'd from earth, againſt the foe he threw;
Th' example ſhewn, his fellow brutes purſue.
With foreſt-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion ſoon were void of ſhade;
And ſpreading groves were naked mountains made.
Preſs'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his ſhoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
A length it roſe above his mouth and eyes;
Yet ſtill he heaves: and ſtruggling with deſpair,
Shakes all aſide, and gains a gulp of air:
A ſhort relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then reſpires again:
At laſt, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he ſuffocated ſeem'd
To moſt; but otherwiſe our Mopſus deem'd.
Who ſaid, he ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid ſkies:
I ſaw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Whom Mopſus viewing, as it ſoar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling ſound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once firſt of men below, now firſt of birds above.
Its author to the ſtory gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle man, purſued
With odds, to ſink beneath a multitude;

We

We puſh'd the foe, and forc'd to ſhameful fight;
Part fell; and part eſcap'd by favour of the night.
This tale, by Neſtor told, did much diſpleaſe
Tlepolemus, the ſeed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father ſay,
That he himſelf was preſent at the fray;
And more than ſhar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the leaſt:
Is he not worth your praiſe? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he ſpoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have loſt; but you renew the wound:
Better to paſs him o'er, than to relate
The cauſe I have your mighty ſire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the ſky;
(Which, oh, I wiſh, with truth, I could deny)!
We praiſe not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a foe.
He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Meſſenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neighbouring ſtate,
And this my own: both guiltleſs of their fate.
To paſs the reſt, twelve, wanting one, he ſlew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promiſe, had they liv'd;
By him they periſh'd: I alone ſurviv'd.
The reſt were eaſy conqueſt: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.

To him our common grandſire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd, reſume again.
Vary'd at pleaſure, every ſhape he try'd;
And in all beaſts Alcides ſtill defy'd:
Vanquiſh'd on earth, at length he ſoar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new-diſſembled eagle, now endued
With peak and pounces, Hercules purſued,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, ſafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty ſpace.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, ſuſpended as he ſtood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the ſinew hung
The point; and his diſabled wing unſtrung.
He wheel'd in air, and ſtretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight ſuſtain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unſupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other ſide.
He fell: the ſhaft, that ſlightly was impreſs'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aſlant; he ſpurns the ground,
And the ſoul iſſues through the weazon's wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian ſeas,
What praiſe is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my ſlain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Neſtor ſpoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with wearineſs and wine oppreſs'd,
They riſe from table, and withdraw to reſt.
The ſire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his ſon, in battle ſlain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the ſmother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
Then when he ſaw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brighteſt nephew, and whom beſt I love,
Whoſe hands were join'd with mine, to raiſe the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Doſt thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himſelf by far
A greater plague, than all the waſteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boaſt
Our town deſtroy'd, our common labour loſt!
O, could I meet him! But I wiſh too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that 's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the ſuperior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.

Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus addreſs'd:
Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy ſhafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.
He ſaid; and ſhew'd from far the blazing ſhield
And ſword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invemon'd ſhaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremoſt of the Grecian name;
And he, the baſe adulterer, boaſts the fame.
A ſpectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain.
If by a female hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his wiſh had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and ſhield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd;
The God, that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt.
Of all the mighty man, the ſmall remains
A little urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains.

Yet great in Homer, ſtill Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cauſe of ſtrife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthieſt, after him, his ſword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or ſuſtain his ſhield.
Ev'n Diomede ſat mute, with down-caſt eyes;
Conſcious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus preſum'd theſe arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only roſe: Laertes' ſon,
And the vaſt bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cheriſh'd each with equal love,
And from himſelf all envy would remove,
Left both to be determined by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cauſe.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

From the THIRTEENTH BOOK of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were ſet, the ſoldiers crown'd the field;
To theſe the maſter of the ſevenfold ſhield
Upſtarted fierce: and kindled with diſdain,
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The ſhore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Muſt then our cauſe before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulyſſes for the prize contend,
In ſight of what he durſt not once defend?
But baſely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſy bar
With words to flouriſh, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.

In

In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a ſmooth tongue, and ſoft deceit.
Nor need I ſpeak my deeds, for thoſe you ſee;
The ſun and day are witneſſes for me.
Let him who fights unſeen relate his own,
And vouch the ſilent ſtars, and conſcious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject rival makes it leſs.
That gift, thoſe honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were mine own valour queſtion'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My ſire was Telamon, whoſe arms, employ'd
With Hercules, theſe Trojan walls deſtroy'd;
And who before, with Jaſon, ſent from Greece,
In the firſt ſhip brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquiſitor of guilty lives
In ſhades below; where Siſyphus, whoſe ſon
This thief is thought, rolls up the reſtleſs heavy ſtone).
Juſt Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor ſhould I ſeek advantage from my line,
Unleſs, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine;
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our ſtock, and the Siſyphian ſeed
By fraud and theft aſſerts his father's breed.

Then muſt I loſe theſe arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor ſhunn'd the cauſe, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd diſtraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the ſnare,
(Ill for himſelf) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward veſt,
And he, who ſhunn'd all honours, gain the beſt;
And let me ſtand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinſman's arms, who firſt appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our ſhame,
The leſs his counſel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare iſle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with ſolitary groans,
His ſufferings and our baſeneſs he bemoans;
And wiſhes (ſo may heaven his wiſh fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and cloathing, muſt employ
Againſt the birds the ſhafts due to the fate of Troy.

Yet

Yet ſtill he lives, and lives from treaſon free,
Becauſe he left Ulyſſes' company:
Poor Palamede might wiſh, ſo void of aid
Rather to have been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal ſpite,
Who ſham'd him out of madneſs into fight;
Nor, daring otherwiſe to vent his hate,
Accus'd him firſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
And then for proof produc'd the golden ſtore
Himſelf had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our hoſt,
By exile one, and one by treaſon loſt.
Thus fights Ulyſſes, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatneſs is in words and ſound:
Ev'n faithful Neſtor leſs in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Neſtor on the plain;
Forſook his friend ev'n at his utmoſt need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor ſhame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyſſean lye,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuſe, much leſs defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And ſure enough he heard, but durſt not hear.

The

The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that ſuccour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow ſuch another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the ſhield trembling as he lay below);
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for ſo bad a deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting ſhield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confeſs his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cauſe in that eſtate:
And yet, when ſnatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted ſhield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How freſh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not ſtrength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:

Each

Each Greek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the ſound, of Hector bred:
Him, fleſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that ſav'd you from the ſword?
Or was my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a ſav'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
Think it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
Theſe arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour ſhare;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his ſlight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain;
A prieſt made priſoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all theſe actions done by day:
Nor aught of theſe was done, and Diomede away.

If on ſuch petty merits you confer
So vaſt a prize, let each his portion ſhare;
Make a juſt dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus ſuch arms as thoſe,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or ſuſtain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toſs the beamy lance;
Much leſs the left that ampler ſhield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with cc
Of the round world in riſing gold emboſs'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he ſtole the ſhield;
Which ſhould your error on the wretch beſtow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why aſks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haſte.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-ſhield,
Nor the leaſt dint has ſuffer'd in the field,
Guiltleſs of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd
Worn out of ſervice, muſt forſake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to ſcan?
My arguments are deeds, let action ſpeak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the ſtrife aroſe,
So caſt the glorious prize amid the foes;

Then ſend us to redeem both arms and ſhield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field.
He ſaid: a murmur from the multitude,
Or ſomewhat like a ſtifled ſhout, enſued:
Till from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention ſpoke:
Soft was his tone, and ſober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer,
Theſe arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own poſſeſs'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bleſs'd.
But ſince hard fate, and heaven's ſevere decree,
Have raviſh'd him away from you and me
(At this he ſigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or ſeem'd to draw, ſome drops of kindly dew);
Who better can ſucceed Achilles loſt,
Than he who gave Achilles to your hoſt?
This only I requeſt, that neither he
May gain, by being what he ſeems to be,
A ſtupid thing, nor I may loſe the prize,
By having ſenſe, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or ſmall, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cauſe employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear againſt myſelf, and deem'd a fault.

Make

Make not a crime, where nature made it none;
For every man may freely uſe his own.
The deeds of long-deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but ſince he draws his line
From Jove, and ſeems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am deſcended in the ſame degree:
My ſire Laertes was Arceſius' heir,
Arceſius was the ſon of Jupiter:
No parricide, no baniſh'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's ſide,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not becauſe that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim deſert,
Or that my ſire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the beſt; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great ſire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aſide,
And honour's cauſe by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the hero's ſire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, ſend the ſhield:

And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretenſions, nor contends with me.
Then, ſince the cauſe on pure deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on every act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in diſguiſe from war;
And till the threatening influence were paſt,
A woman's habit on the hero caſt:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd veſt,
And Ajax (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not diſcover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Graſp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin ſhook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus beſpoke:
O Goddeſs-born! reſiſt not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reſerv'd for thee;
Then ſeiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent bluſhing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my ſpear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Leſbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrneſus and ſtrong Chryſa fell:

And

And ſince I ſent the man who Hector ſlew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Thoſe arms I put into his living hand,
Thoſe arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverſe blaſts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad ſigns were ſeen, and oracles ſevere
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we muſt appeaſe
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the ſeas.
Affection, intereſt, fame, his heart aſſail'd;
But ſoon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himſelf he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No ſubject could ſuſtain their ſovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durſt th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his ſoul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ranſom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy taſk was I deſign'd:

Reaſons

Reaſons againſt her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our ſlacken'd ſails
Had ſtill at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearleſs envoy, fit for a bold embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile court,
Glittering with ſteel, and crouded with reſort:
There in the midſt of arms, I plead our cauſe,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuſe the foes, as authors of the ſtrife,
Reproach the raviſher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawleſs crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted ſwords: but ſtood
In act to quench their impious thirſt of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
The firſt encounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
They ſkulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long years; at length,
Both ſides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
Secur'd the ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting chear'd, chaſtis'd the rebel-train,

Provided forage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common cauſe
purſued.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Deſpair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What ſubject durſt arraign the power ſupreme,
Producing Jove to juſtify his dream?
Ajax might wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
From ſhameful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of courſe his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their ſtay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
Then, ſpeeding through the place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand,
After ſo long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual ſhame!
Theſe words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crouded port,
And to their late forſaken camp reſort;
Diſmay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Therſites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.
Then, riſing, I excite their ſouls to fame,
And kindle ſleeping virtue into flame.

From

From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is juſtly mine, who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs conſorts with thee?
But Diomede deſires my company,
And ſtill communicates his praiſe with me.
As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
And ſure no little merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the ſame errand ſent, we met the ſpy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lye;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treacherous Troy deſign'd;
My taſk perform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
Invaded Rhœſus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal ſeat:
Refuſe me now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
Were promis'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw, and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,

Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Cherſidamas; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhow'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his ſhield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaſter ſtrove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To ſave the fleet: this I confeſs is true
(Nor will I take from any man his due):
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he ſeem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preſerv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boaſts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat ſought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;

He

He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boaſt th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I ſaw Pelides ſink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave ſoul was fled: full of my friend,
I ruſh'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Thoſe arms, which on theſe ſhoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe ſhoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not nerves, who could ſuſtain
The ponderous ruins of ſo great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare, with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?

Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars!
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me, my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree;
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact 's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.

He took the counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſel'd for the beſt:
Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt:
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night;
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wandering ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſevenfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.

Thy

Thy boiſterous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when ſhall be
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip of ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;

If yet ſome deſperate action reſts behind,
That aſks high conduct, and a dauntleſs mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award thoſe arms I aſk, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: and ceaſing with reſpect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal ſtatue ſhew'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applauſe,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

The DEATH of AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withſtand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
But yields to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty ſword,
Now do thy laſt kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid, and with ſo good a will to die
Did to his breaſt the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, ſo fixt it ſtood,
Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by ſtreams of ſpouting blood.

The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which grew
On a green ſtem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew:
Inſcrib'd in both, the letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

THE

THE

Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA

From the THIRTEENTH BOOK of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ACIS, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin:
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was higher,
My laſt averſion, or my firſt deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immenſe thy power, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts are,

Th' inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts
On mangled members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Aſſum'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he fleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:
Now in the cryſtal ſtream he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, ſharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:

On

On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows and riſing lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as winter ſuns, or ſummer ſhade:
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch, than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte:
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Through garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.

Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy diſdain:
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud:
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a troden ſnake:
In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.
Yet if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
Would languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay;
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.

Red

Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide:
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chefnuts ſhall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that woods and winding vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the caves abide.
Aſk not the numbers of my growing ſtore;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my cattle; truſt not me,
But judge yourſelf, and paſs your own decree:
Behold their ſwelling dugs; the ſweepy weight
Of ewes, that ſink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly ſerv'd
For daily drink; the reſt for cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe houſhold dainties all my ſtore:
The fields and foreſts will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the ſavage boar.
All ſorts of veniſon; and of birds the beſt;
A pair of turtles taken from the neſt;
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whoſe dam had left them on the naked ground;

So

So like, that no diſtinction could be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glaſs,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: what fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant ſun,
Is Nature's eye; and ſhe 's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.

I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his faded thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, though that 's the thing I moſt abhor;
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
Theſe giant limbs endued with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs, ſhall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy diſdain
Augments at once my paſſion and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd:
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.

From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he caſt;
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he ſent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the ſtone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all Acis; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſued from the ſtone a ſtream of blood;
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, diſclos'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his temples riſe; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.

Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs:
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was.
But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

From the FIFTEENTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occaſion, Ovid, following the opinion of ſome authors, makes Numa the ſcholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philoſopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digreſſion to the moral and natural philoſophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the moſt learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoſes.

A King is ſought, to guide the growing ſtate,
One able to ſupport the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had ſate.
Renown, which oft beſpeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his ſtudy bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cauſe:
Urg'd by this care, his country he forſook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.

Arriv'd, he firſt enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a ſenior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis ſaid, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows;
He ſought himſelf ſome hoſpitable houſe:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike gueſt;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with reſt.
The hero, thence departing, bleſs'd the place;
And here, he ſaid, in Time's revolving race,
A riſing town ſhall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myſcelos, the juſteſt man on earth,
Alemon's ſon, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'erſhadow'd in a dream, and thus beſpoke;
Go, leave thy native ſoil, and make abode
Where Æſaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He ſaid; and ſleep forſook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and roſe with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What ſhould he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the ſame forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God ſtood threatening o'er his head;
With added curſes if he diſobey'd.

Twice

Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his perſon and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy proceſs form'd, and death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his offence,
Againſt himſelf the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd:
O Power, who haſt deſerv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy ſuppliant, and protect his cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the laws.
A cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains,
Which life or death by ſuffrages ordains;
White ſtones and black within an urn are caſt,
The firſt abſolve, but fate is in the laſt:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the ſable ſigns of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The ſtones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his ſafety won,
Preſerv'd from death by Alcumena's ſon:
Then to his kinſman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with proſperous gales th' Ionian ſeas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temiſes, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that ſtand
Along the ſhore, he makes in ſight of land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The mouth of Æſaris, and promis'd ground:

Then ſaw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton ſtood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure tradition of th' Italian town.
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now ſelf-baniſh'd from his native ſhore,
Becauſe he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but ſervile ſouls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With ſtrength of mind, and tread th' abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Thoſe upper depths, which Nature hid from ſight:
And what he had obſerv'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to diſpenſe.
The crowd with ſilent admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he diſcours'd of heaven's myſterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy ſnows
In ſilence fell, and rattling winds areſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant ſun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and things beyond the common reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his audience with his ſpeech.
He firſt the taſte of fleſh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.

O mor-

O mortals! from your fellows blood abſtain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulſe by nature are beſtow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholſome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are loſt,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the froſt;
While kine to pails diſtended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of ſpring;
While earth not only can your needs ſupply,
But, lavish of her ſtore, provides for luxury;
A guiltleſs feaſt adminiſters with eaſe,
And without blood is prodigal to pleaſe.
Wild beaſts their maws with their ſlain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for ſome refuſe to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler ſteed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wiſely ſunder'd from the reſt, to yell
In foreſts, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where ſtronger beaſts oppreſs the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feaſts delight.
O impious uſe! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The ſtores of all ſhe ſhows, and all ſhe hides,

If men with fleſhly morſels muſt be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What elſe is this but to devour our gueſts,
And barbarouſly renew Cyclopean feaſts!
We, by deſtroying life, our life ſuſtain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obſcene.
Not ſo the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durſt with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy ſpace might ſafely move,
And timorous hares on heaths ſecurely rove:
Nor needed fiſh the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace ſincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd firſt our food's ſimplicity;
Th' eſſay of bloody feaſts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the ſword to murder man.
Had he the ſharpen'd ſteel alone employ'd
On beaſts of prey that other beaſts deſtroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been juſtify'd by Nature's laws,
And ſelf-defence: but who did feaſts begin
Of fleſh, he ſtretch'd neceſſity to ſin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unſeen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to ſeas.
The ſow, with her broad ſnout for rooting up
Th' intruſted ſeed, was judg'd to ſpoil the crop,
And intercept the ſweating farmer's hope:

The

The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody prieſt reſign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that ſhe dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had loſt his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at leaſt, ſome ſhadow of offence:
The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve,
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy labouring ſteer, who till'd,
And plow'd, with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began!
Nor this alone! but heaven itſelf to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious acts aſcribe:
Firſt recompenſe with death their creature's toil,
Then call the bleſs'd above to ſhare the ſpoil:

The

The faireſt victim muſt the powers appeaſe:
(So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples caſt
(The fruit and product of his labours paſt);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails ſees
Torn out, for prieſts t' inſpect the Gods decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this guſt of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to ſhun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And, when you eat the well-deſerving beaſt,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feaſt!
Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inſpiring Power, obey'd.
For I will ſing of mighty myſteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the ſkies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the ſphere
Of ſhining ſtars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and ſcale the height
Of Atlas, who ſupports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken mortals wandering from the way,

And wanting wiſdom, fearful for the ſtate
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Thoſe I would teach; and by right reaſon bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkneſs, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems paſs,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the ſoul expires,
By time corrupted, or conſum'd by fires?
Nor dies the ſpirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes ſeats.
Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former ſhield.
Then death, ſo call'd, is but old matter dreſs'd
In ſome new figure, and a vary'd veſt:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beaſt;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd;
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt:
And as the ſoften'd wax new ſeals receives,
This face aſſumes, and that impreſſion leaves;

Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
So death, ſo call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal ſoul flies out in empty ſpace;
To ſeek her fortune in ſome other place.

Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.

And ſince, like Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
In ample ſeas I ſail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation; but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown.

Darkneſs

Darkneſs we ſee emerges into light,
And ſhining ſuns deſcend to ſable night;
Ev'n heaven itſelf receives another die,
When weary'd animals in ſlumbers lie
Of midnight eaſe; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the ſplendor of the day.
The diſk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the ſame ſuffuſion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of æther flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning horns.
For every day ſhe wanes, her face is leſs,
But, gathering into globe, ſhe fattens at increaſe.
Per ceiv'ſt thou not the proceſs of the year,
How the four ſeaſons in four forms appear,
Reſembling human life in every ſhape they wear?
Spring firſt, like infancy, ſhoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, though freſh, and wanting to be led.
The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flowerets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the fields around,
But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the ſtalks, unſolid are the leaves.

Proceeding

Fire firſt with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper ſky;
Then air, becauſe unclog'd in empty ſpace,
Flies after fire, and claims the ſecond place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth ſubſides.
All things are mixt with theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rariſies to dew; expanded more
The ſubtil dew in air begins to ſoar;
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the web they ſpun,
And fire begins to loſe her radiant hue,
Mix'd with groſs air, and air deſcends to dew;
And dew, condenſing, does her form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted ſcene for ſome new ſhow employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead ſome other bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have ſenſe, or can diſcourſe;
But death on deathleſs ſubſtance has no force.

T

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to ſilver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at laſt.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is ſolid earth, that once was ſea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the ſhore,
Make ſolid land, what ocean was before;
And far from ſtrands are ſhells of fiſhes found,
And ruſty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now waſh'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren ſands;
And the parch'd deſart floats in ſtreams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and bring
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring.
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Eraſinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.

Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholſome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame reſounds,
The Centaur in his current waſh'd their wounds.
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe their taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now increaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd-in the conquering ſea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryſtal water ſhow,
To wondering paſſengers, the walls below.
Near Træzen ſtands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought iſſue from the rumbling wind:

Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few;
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppos'd
Endued at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her ſiſter flood,
That ſlide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)

Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and ſimples caſt
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues laſt.
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate uſe,
Reels as with wine, and ſees with double ſight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholſome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When faſt Ortygia floated on the ſea;
Such were Cyanean iſles, when Typhis ſteer'd
Betwixt their ſtraits, and their colliſion fear'd;
They ſwam where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, reſiſt the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting ſulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for ſulphur will expire
(The veins exhauſted of the liquid ſtore);
Time was ſhe caſt no flames; in time will caſt no more.
For whether earth 's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolneſs to repair,
And what ſhe ſucks remits; ſhe ſtill requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;

When torſur'd with convulſive fits ſhe ſhakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent ſhe makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And ſubtil ſpirits find that way oppos'd,
They toſs up flints in air; the flints that hide
The ſeeds of fire, thus toſs'd in air, collide,
Kindling the ſulphur, till the fuel ſpent
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether ſulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more aſcend; for earth ſupplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time conſum'd, the fire
Famiſh'd for want of fuel muſt expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who ſhivering ſuffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked ſides they take.
'Tis ſaid, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themſelves to birds by magic ſkill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by ſure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a ſlaughter'd ſteer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harveſt home, and hope another ſpring.
The warlike ſteed is multiply'd, we find,
To waſps and hornets of the warrior kind.

Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The reſt in earth, a ſcorpion thence will glide
And ſhoot his ſting, his tail in circles toſs'd
Refers the limbs his backward father loſt.
And worms, that ſtretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n ſlime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at firſt, in little ſpace
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and ſwim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks them into ſhape, and gives
As much of form, as ſhe herſelf receives.
The grubs from their ſexangular abode
Crawl out unfiniſh'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leiſure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her ſtarry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe
(But that from ſight, the ſureſt ſenſe, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white aroſe?
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the ſpine, while he was living, ran;

When

When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A ſnake, and hiſs within the hollow tomb.
All theſe receive their birth from other things;
But from himſelf the phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of Caſſia, Cynamon, and ſtems of Nard,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptleſs myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes, the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant-phœnix from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,

he

He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the ſun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna ſhews it, of a double kind,
Varying the ſexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God
For planted vines the ſharp-ey'd lynx beſtow'd,
Whoſe urine, ſhed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, ſoft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing ſpecies ſhould my ſong recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flouriſh and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time ſoftens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a ſoft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withſtood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick ſtreets it ſhews an empty ſpace,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own periſh'd race,
Herſelf becomes the ſepulchre of what ſhe was.

Mycen

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:
Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs-born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free through fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:
But from Iulus he muſt draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome ſhall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in other mold

My ſoul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loſs to gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courſers to control,
Apt to run riot, and tranſgreſs the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the ſkies,
All ſuffer change; and we, that are of ſoul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our ſires, or grandfires ſhall forſake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their ſpirits reſt,
Nor violate thy father in the beaſt,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of theſe, yet there's a man within:
O ſpare to make a Thyeſtean meal,
T' incloſe his body, and his ſoul expel.
Ill cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with houſhold bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?

Let

Let plough thy ſteers; that when they loſe their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And ſheep from winter-cold thy ſides defend;
But neither ſpringes, nets, nor ſnares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let inſidious glue their wings conſtrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling ſtag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fiſh prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis ſin to ſave;
This only juſt prerogative we have:
But nouriſh life with vegetable food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious taſte of blood.
Theſe precepts by the Samian ſage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own;
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a ſaint, a Goddeſs was his bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE,

CONCERNING

OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the tranſlation of his Metamorphoſes, I will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys' undertaking. The Engliſh reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune; that he was deſigned to the ſtudy of the law, and had made conſiderable progreſs in it, before he quitted that profeſſion, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cauſe of his baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by aſcribing it to any other reaſon than what was pretended by Auguſtus, which was, the laſciviouſneſs of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excuſed in the ſeverity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be ſaid in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the paſſion of love with ſo much delicacy of thought and of expreſſion, or ſearched into the nature of it more

philoſophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reaſon as another man to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is aſcribed to him, relating to the firſt civil war betwixt himſelf and Marc Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our Poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his expreſſions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with child by her huſband then living. But deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by arbitrary power, when words are queſtioned in a Poet. There is another gueſs of the grammarians, as far from truth as the firſt from reaſon: they will have him baniſhed for ſome favours, which, they ſay, he received from Julia the daughter of Auguſtus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he who will obſerve the verſes, which are made to that miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the higheſt quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why ſhould our Poet make his petition to Iſis, for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards condole her miſcarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own huſband? Or, indeed, how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a crime, which was no leſs than capital, eſpecially committed againſt a perſon of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet, than to

have publiſhed an accident which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt confirms me againſt this opinion, is, that Ovid himſelf complains, that the true perſon of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verſes to her: which if it had been Julia, he durſt not have owned; and, beſides, an immediate puniſhment muſt have followed. He ſeems himſelf more truly to have touched at the cauſe of his exile in thoſe obſcure verſes;

"Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?" &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was conſcious to ſomewhat, which had procured him his diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied, that this was the inceſt of the emperor with his own daughter: for Auguſtus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple baniſhment; but would certainly have ſecured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witneſs to them. Neither have hiſtorians given us any ſight into ſuch an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greateſt politician of his time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with ſo little ſecrecy, as not to ſhun the obſervation of any man. It ſeems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of ſome other paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by ſome inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and ſeen her in a bath: for the words

"Sine veſte Dianam"

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chaſtity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The firſt verſes, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly according to the cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to Corinna: his baniſhment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occaſion it: nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedneſs; aud in the ſame paper of verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at Rome, though it be left ſo obſcure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a ſubject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Auguſtus, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his baniſhment, are addreſſed to perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies. He tells you himſelf, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that ſome of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only ſeen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the buſineſs of a Poet, I know no author, who can juſtly be compared with ours, eſpecially in the deſcription of the paſſions. And, to prove this, I ſhall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for, all paſſions being inborn with us, we are almoſt equally judges, when we are concerned in the repreſentation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the ſame paſſion in himſelf, which the Poet deſcribes in his feigned perſons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and reſults of thoſe paſſions, are generally ſuch as natually ariſe from thoſe diſorderly motions of our ſpirits. Yet, not to ſpeak too partially in his behalf, I will confeſs, that the copiouſneſs of his wit was ſuch, that he often writ too pointedly for his ſubject, and made his perſons ſpeak more eloquently than the violence of their paſſion would admit: ſo that he is frequently witty out of ſeaſon; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the falſe applauſe of fancy. Yet he ſeems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why elſe ſhould he complain, that his Metamorphoſes was left unfiniſhed? Nothing ſure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the reſt: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I ſuppoſe, would have been the buſineſs of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his Dutch friends the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himſelf,

himſelf, that Seneca's cenſure will ſtand good againſt him;

"Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;"

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his readers inſtead of ſatisfying them; and gives occaſion to his tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is ſufficiently recompenſed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the moſt ſevere cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the prodigality of his wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſhed that the maſter of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if ſometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the ſtaidneſs and ſobriety of age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried: for if his Elegies be compared with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that theſe poets ſeldom deſigned before they writ: and though the language of Tibullus be more poliſhed, and the learning of Propertius, eſpecially in his fourth book, more ſet out to oſtentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow,

follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one ſubject to another, and conclude with ſomewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

" Pupureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
" Aſſuitur pannus,"

as Horace ſays: though the verſes are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; ſome beautiful deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epiſtolæ Heroidum, The letters of the Heroines. But Heinſius has judged more truly, that the inſcription of our author was barely, Epiſtles; which he concludes from his cited verſes, where Ovid aſſerts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the maſters of their learning) the Romans uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, becauſe it is uſed by Ovid in his Art of Love:

" Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroïdas ibat.

But, ſure, he could not be guilty of ſuch an overſight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and

and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ ſome anſwers to Ovid's Letters,

" (Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)"

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this ſubject; ſave only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epiſtle of Arethuſa to Lycotas, which is written ſo near the ſtyle of Ovid, that it ſeems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epiſtles, I ſhall content myſelf to obſerve theſe few particulars; firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the ſtyle of them is tenderly paſſionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the perſons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in OEnone and Hero, he has kept cloſe to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them ſpeak, ſometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Auguſtus. There ſeems to be no great variety in the particular ſubjects which he has choſen: moſt of the Epiſtles being written from ladies who were forſaken by their lovers: which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care; for his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to be the moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads.

Firſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace's Art of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Jonſon. The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his ſenſe; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion; and, taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the firſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution:

" Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
" Interpres"——

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,

as the Earl of Roſcommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expreſſion of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanſhaw, on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido:

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.

It is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time: for the Latin (a moſt ſevere and compendious language) often expreſſes that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowneſs, of modern tongues cannot ſupply in more. It is frequent alſo that the conceit is couched in ſome expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

"Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent."

What Poet of our nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought literally in Engliſh, and to ſtrike wit, or almoſt ſenſe, out of it?

In ſhort, the verbal copier is incumbered with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider, at the ſame time, the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: I, beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the com-

paſs

paſs of numbers, and the ſlavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can ſhun a fall, by uſing caution; but the gracefulneſs of motion is not to be expected: and when we have ſaid the beſt of it, it is but a fooliſh taſk; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger for the applauſe of eſcaping without breaking his neck. We ſee Ben Jonſon could not avoid obſcurity in his literal tranſlation of Horace, attempted in the ſame compaſs of lines: nay Horace himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

"Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio:"

either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both theſe rocks in his tranſlation of the three firſt lines of Homer's Odyſſey, which he has contracted into two,

"Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes."

Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of Troy,
So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw.

ROSCOMMON.

But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, which are a conſiderable part of that ſentence, are omitted:

[Ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal, tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends,

friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their thoughts on this ſubject to each other; and, therefore, their reaſons for it are little different: though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their ſenſe, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject: that is, not to tranſlate his words, or to be confined to his ſenſe; but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not ſay that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr Cowley calls it) ſo far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the cuſtoms and ceremonies of ancient Greece are ſtill preſerved. But I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the example of ſuch an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking. To add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his tranſlation of Pindar; becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refuſed his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion (I mean as to our underſtanding), to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be tranſlated literally; his genius is too ſtrong to bear a chain, and Samſon-like he ſhakes it off. A genius ſo elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but neceſſary to make

make Pindar ſpeak Engliſh, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus uſed, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but inſtead of them there is ſomething new produced, which is almoſt the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, ſomewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt deſign; though Virgil muſt be ſtill excepted, when that *perhaps* takes place. Yet he who is inquiſitive to know an author's thoughts, will be diſappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To ſtate it fairly: imitation of an author is the moſt advantageous way for a tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who adviſed more liberty than he took himſelf) gives his reaſon for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid. "Poetry is of ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that, in pour-"ing out of one language into another, it will all eva-"porate; and, if a new ſpirit be not added in the trans-"fuſion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mor-"tuum." I confeſs this argument holds good againſt a literal tranſlation: but who defends it? Imitation and verbal verſion are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have propoſed the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his argument will reach.

No

No man is capable of tranſlating Poetry, who, beſides a genius to that art, is not a maſter both of his author's language and of his own: nor muſt we underſtand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expreſſion, which are the characters that diſtinguiſh, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourſelves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like care muſt be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they ſhould be changed: but ſince every language is ſo full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay ſometimes nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his author's words. It is enough if he chooſe out ſome expreſſion which does not vitiate the ſenſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his chain to ſuch a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the ſpirit of an author may be transfuſed, and yet not loſt: and thus it is plain, that the reaſon alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expreſſion: for thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be ſo ill choſen, as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs, and

and rob it of its native luſtre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expreſſion; neither is it neceſſary that words and lines ſhould be confined to the meaſure of their original. The ſenſe of an author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be ſo; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a tranſlator has no ſuch right. When a painter copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes or noſe were altered; but it is his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two caſes only there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe; that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial or diſhoneſt: but the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated:

" ——— Et quæ
" Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas."

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this ſubject againſt the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praiſe of a tranſlation conſiſts in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompenſe the loſs which it ſuſtains by change of language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to re-

cant.

cant. In the mean time, it ſeems to me, that the reaſon, why we have ſo few verſions which are t able, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the aut ſenſe; but becauſe there are ſo few, who have al talents which are requiſite for tranſlation, and there is ſo little praiſe, and ſo ſmall encourager for ſo conſiderable a part of learning.

CANA

CANACE to MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly: Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus, who, inraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains: and withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: but before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain;
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee, and urge, the death which he commands:

Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule: but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time;
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than ſiſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt,
My food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
'Tis love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!

" When, half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
" Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
" And guilt that made them anxious made them great."
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy countenance ſate deſpair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldſt not give,
(Preſt in thy arms, and whiſpering me to live):
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.

Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
Such power have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king with his tempeſtuous council ſate.
Through this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
With olive-branches cover'd round about;
And, muttering prayers, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Through the divided croud unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd; my tongue was frozen up with fears.

His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own:)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, "Your father ſends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword):
"Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
"That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow."
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.

Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair:
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou dropp'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN to PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, though ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth,)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain.

Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there 's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I 'll not complain; for who 's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.

Yet

Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As would move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honour I 'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thonghts of gain.
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.

But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have percelv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.

O!

Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin-love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is maſter of my fate.
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a ſight;
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard:
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praiſe;
A Goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe.
But be it as you ſay; for, 'tis confeſt,
The men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;

That

That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy thoſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurprize.
For now the rumour ſpreads among the croud,
t court in whiſpers, but in town aloud:
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear them ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay;
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go, or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then, kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence.

Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame 's my burden; for the more I 'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband 's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhould force employ:
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid? for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſts betray'd.

How

How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.

Shoul

Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue.
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.

You

You laſt demand a private conference;
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips; and, having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the ſhore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy, (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido ſoon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain:
But, having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying prayer?

'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing towers your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſceptres and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you could ſee,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he 's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore;
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor can'ſt thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee.

From

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be power in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which were it ſmooth, were every wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!

Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'ſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,
Falſe as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded wife:
Left to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like theſe,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour ſtrangers, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where, from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter ſought!

A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought ſo then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chaſtity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead huſband's name!
By death redeem my reputation loſt,
And to his arms reſtore my guilty ghoſt.
Cloſe by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his ſtatue ſtands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Laſt night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith miſled.
His Goddeſs mother, and his aged ſire
Born on his back, did to my fall conſpire.
Oh! ſuch he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a bluſh I might his love purſue.
But cruel ſtars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted lord was at the altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a ſuppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city ſtands.

With all the coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that ſhelter'd thee:
Then rais'd theſe walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My ſcarce-eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs woman, and unſkill'd in war.
Yet thouſand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my perſon would my crown defend:
Whoſe jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my huſband's murderer leave my life,
That to the huſband he may add the wife.
Go then, ſince no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy ſacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires ſuſtain.
Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command;
Would the ſame God had barr'd thee from my land!
The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at ſea ſo many years;

While

While thy long labours were a price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
But Tyber now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy ſearch: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt transfer thy Troy:
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes,
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, ſtay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go:
But now with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.

Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay.
Thy weary men would be with eaſe content;
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loſs to undergo;
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life 's too loathſome, and my love too ſtrong.
Death holds my pen and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my ſorrows that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt,
I loſt that title, when my fame I loſt.
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe dy'd,
" Æneas gave: the reſt her arm ſupply'd."

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's ſchool whoe'er would take degree,
Muſt learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing arts their veſſels move;
Art guides the chariot: art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in Love's mighty ſchool.
Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God; but yet the God 's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs-born.

The

The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Though ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio nor her ſiſters have I ſeen:
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.

The

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntſman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds;
Th' aſſembly where his quarry moſt abounds.
Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way.
Thou ſhalt not fail around the continent,
As far as Perſeus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can hardly ſhew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman ſphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayſt thou find thy full deſires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties pleaſe thy ſight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence, will not balk the ſport.
In ſummer heats thou need'ſt but only go
To Pompey's cool and ſhady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the baudy ſuburb riſe:
Or to that other portico, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breaſt:

Or

Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Aſſyrian rites.
Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the foul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from every thing but love:
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cauſe of love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
There eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There 's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, ſo numerouſly they throng;
It may be ſaid, they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice:
There chooſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice.

To

To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.
From Romulus the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the commonwealth ſhould multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.
His play-houſe not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes or with leaves they ſtrew'd:
No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haſte;
But, ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne;
And, riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
Juſt at the word (the word too was, The Beſt)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair;
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb deſpair.

Her

Her abſent mother one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
She who too long reſiſted, or deny'd,
The luſty lover made by force a bride;
And, with ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his
Then ſooth'd her thus:—My ſoul's far better pa
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs.
Thus Romulus became ſo popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and freſh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for ſuch a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did firſt improve;
And theatres are ſtill the ſcenes of love:
Nor ſhun the chariot's and the courſer's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand.
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide;
Cloſe as you can to hers, and ſide by ſide.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit:
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
Enquire, whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſ
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all [illegible] tions to her mind;

Like what ſhe likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.
But when the ſtatues of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion riſe.
If duſt be on her lap, or grains of ſand,
Bruſh both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
And ſtill to touch her lap make ſome pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve, who ſits behind her; and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds: for ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well:
By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.
Cæſar would repreſent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.

From either ſea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining Eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your urns;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.

Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heaven deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurprizing ſight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;

Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Deſires increaſe at every ſwelling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.

Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddeſs is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.

Thus far the ſportful Muſe, with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.

Firſt then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſshopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flattering ſkill:
Ev'n ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they would firſt declare,
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his luſt than they,
And, more than women, can his paſſion ſway.

Biblis, we know, did firſt her love declare,
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha ſought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who ſhed them bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the ſnow; the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
And hated every heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graſs (ſo much can Love command);
She ſtrok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.

If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes every beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking aukwardly, to gain his heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke;
Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.
Now ſhe would be Europa, Io now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd;
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till by his form the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driven away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.

Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the ſlain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory:
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhould woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince womankind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands and ſtale gallants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
First gain the maid: by her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs and eaſy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's-blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wiſh and pleaſure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.

Then

Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.
Inſtruct the damſel while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, ſighing, make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all:
For women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance?
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf would keep the ſport.
Thy buſineſs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counſel, let alone the maid:
Ev'n though ſhe ſhould conſent to do the feat;
The profit 's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe, and broad.
Yet, if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But

But this I will adviſe, and mark my words;
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords:
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe 's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's intereſt to beware,
The bird intangled ſhould not 'ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighbouring brook.
But, if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way,
And, for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the counſel of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.

All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep;
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhould the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign:
But think, another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the public ſhows of Rome,
Know, all thy viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to ſea,
For that 's a boding and a ſtormy day.
Belie take thy time, and, when thou canſt, begin:
To break a Jewiſh ſabbath, think no ſin:

Nor ev'n on ſuperſtitious days abſtain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe 's in humour, every day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that 's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.
To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at ſight;
Now curſe the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the chear;
And ſhe 'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.

Had

Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.
  By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous paſſage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that 's the cheapeſt way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and ſhe 'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
  Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome;

Sweet words the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtile your thoughts convey,
And write ſuch things as preſent you would ſay;
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away;
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there 's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe 's there.

Speak

Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſauntering in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that 's a time for talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe 's the play-houſe and the play in one.
There thou mayſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.

Cu

Cure your unſavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus lov'd no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No poſture could that heavenly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor 's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding Satyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the God was clear);
The drunken ſire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken ſire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.

And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and ſenſe, forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like leaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner.
He ſaid, and, from his chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim tigers ſhould the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do):
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires).

Wherein

Whene'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And, where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice ev'n her huſband muſt attend
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendſhip's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if indued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, ev'n affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;
Clip every word; and if by chance you ſpeak
Too home, or if too broad a jeſt you break,
In your excuſe the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.

True drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then ſafely may you praiſe her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
But curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now ſhe 's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
Lay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now ſpeak and ſpeed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and truſt the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy ſpeech abound
In dying words, that repreſent thy wound:
Diſtruſt not her belief; ſhe will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jeſt,
And, after, feels the torment he profeſt.
For your own ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd paſſion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are ſweet:
Her taper fingers praiſe, and little feet.

Such praiſes ev'n the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And ſtill they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praiſe the proud peacock, and he ſpreads his train;
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courſer in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
And, if need be, call every God to hear.
Jove ſits above, forgiving with a ſmile
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile.
He ſwore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an example make,
Or puniſh falſehood, for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our intereſt that the Gods ſhould be;
Let us believe them: I believe, they ſee,
And both reward and puniſh equally.
Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
Or kings below, ſupine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as preſent in their ſight;
Be juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
But 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis ſaid, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heaven did rain ſupply.

A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That ſlaughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd: On thee the lot ſhall fall;
Be thou, my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdued by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt:
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

The

The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd ev'n to their own deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you, with a downcaſt ſight;
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did prefer
To their dull mates the noble raviſher.
What Deidamio did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to ſpin and ſew?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the Fates for Hector's thread aſſign'd?
Brandiſh thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
In the ſame room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.

O 2 I knew

I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt, ſhe found it was a man.
'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd, when ſhe fought.
For when, diſclos'd, and haſtening to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did prefer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.
This is the ſex; they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy ſelf-conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou may'ſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
Ev'n Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.

How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught!
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip, in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the Grecian princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, who was priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt craves vengeance of his God; who ſends a plague among the Greeks: which occaſions Achilles, their great champion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high prieſt and prophet, to tell the reaſon, why the Gods were ſo much incenſed againſt them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuſes the general as the cauſe of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refuſing the preſents offered for her ranſom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, againſt his will, to reſtore Chryſeis, with gifts, that he might appeaſe the wrath

wrath of Phœbus; but, at the ſame time, to reven himſelf on Achilles, ſends to ſeize his ſlave Briſe Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Th tis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only the general, but on all the army, by giving victo to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became ſenſi of his injuſtice. At the ſame time, he retires from camp into his ſhips, and withdraws his aid from countrymen. Thetis prefers her ſon's petition to Ju ter, who grants her ſuit. Juno ſuſpects her errar and quarrels with her huſband for his grant; Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nect and ſends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' ſon, O Muſe, reſound;
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were ſent, in early youth, to ſhades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the ſovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when ſtrife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like ſon.
What Power provok'd, and for what cauſe relate,
Sow'd, in their breaſts, the ſeeds of ſtern debate:
Jove's and Latona's ſon his wrath expreſs'd,
In vengeance of his violated prieſt,
Againſt the king of men; who, ſwoln with pride,
Refus'd his preſents, and his prayers deny'd.
For this the God a ſwift contagion ſpread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.

For venerable Chryſes came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood;
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his ſceptre of command.
His ſuit was common; but above the reſt,
To both the brother-princes thus addreſs'd:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your ſiege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conqueſt back to your ſweet native home;
As you receive the ranſom which I bring
(Reſpecting Jove, and the far-ſhooting king),
And break my daughter's bonds, at my deſire;
And glad with her return her grieving ſire.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to ſet the damſel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, theſe opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my ſight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted ſtrand,
Leſt not that idle ſceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withſtand.
Hence, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will reſign:

Mine

Mine ſhe ſhall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and conſum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed ſhe ſhall attend;
And, having firſt adorn'd it, late aſcend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely houſhold-taſk, ſhall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her ſweet native home.
He ſaid: the helpleſs prieſt reply'd no more,
But ſped his ſteps along the hoarſe reſounding ſhore:
Silent he fled; ſecure at length he ſtood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God:
O ſource of ſacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the ſilver bow and golden hair;
Whom Chryſa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whoſe broad eye their happy ſoil ſurveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy ſhrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my juſt revenge propitious aid.
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy ſhafts atteſt
How much thy power is injur'd in thy prieſt.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample ſhoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a ſtormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compaſs'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and ſumpters ſent:

The

Th' eſſay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And laſt, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heavens awful ſceptre in her hand,
A council ſummon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.
The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs-born aroſe,
And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are ſent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our ſpoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke,
Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
Things preſent, and the paſt; and things to come foreknew.

Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's deſtruction brought.
Skill'd in the ſecret cauſes of their woes,
The reverend prieſt in graceful act aroſe:
And thus beſpoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
Wouldſt thou the ſeeds deep-ſown of miſchief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight firſt thy faith, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills, that may enſue.
For I ſhall tell ungrateful truths, to thoſe
Whoſe boundleſs powers of life and death diſpoſe.
And ſovereigns, ever jealous of their ſtate,
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they ſeemingly digeſt,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breaſt,
Burſts forth in flames; whoſe unreſiſted power
Will ſeize th' unwary wretch, and ſoon devour.
Such, and no leſs is he, on whom depends
The ſum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreſeen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the ſtern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without control.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,

None ſhall preſume to violate thoſe bands;
Or touch thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.
At this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
Nor hecatomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
He keeps the damſels captive in his chain,
And preſents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging Power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will perſiſt, relentleſs in his ire,
Till the fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
And ranſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
With ſacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may ceaſe
His vengeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having ſaid, he ſate: thus anſwer'd then,
Upſtarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breaſt with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he ſhot in ſparkles on the ſire:
Augur of ill, whoſe tongue was never found
Without a prieſtly curſe, or boding ſound;
For not one bleſs'd event foretold to me
Paſs'd through that mouth, or paſs'd unwillingly.
And now thou doſt with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy ſlandering trade.

Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And ſputtering under ſpecious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his prieſt profan'd, and I the cauſe:
Since I detain a ſlave, my ſovereign prize;
And ſacred gold, your idol-god, deſpiſe.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To ſtand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemneſtra's ſelf in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every houſhold-grace adorn'd, to bleſs my n
tial bower.
Yet ſhall ſhe be reſtor'd; ſince public good
For private intereſt ought not to be withſtood,
To ſave th' effuſion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I reſign my own,
I ſhould not ſuffer for your ſakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common ſuffrage have obtain'd.
The ſlave without a ranſom ſhall be ſent:
It reſts for you to make th' equivalent.
To this the fierce Theſſalian prince reply'd:
O firſt in power, but paſſing all in pride,
Griping, and ſtill tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldſt thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely ſou
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loſs thy ſacrilege reſtore?
Whate'er by force of arms the ſoldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:

Wh

Which to reſume, were both unjuſt and baſe;
Not to be borne but by a ſervile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's ſon beſtows
The ſack of Troy, which he by promiſe owes;
Then ſhall the conquering Greeks thy loſs reſtore,
And with large intereſt make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides anſwer'd: Though thy boaſt
Aſſumes the foremoſt name of all our hoſt,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Control'd by thee, I tamely ſhould reſign.
Shall I releaſe the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'ſt Briſeis in thy bands,
By prieſtly gloſſing on the God's commands?
Reſolve on this, (a ſhort alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Elſe I, aſſure thy ſoul, by ſovereign right
Will ſeize thy captive in thy own deſpight.
Or from ſtout Ajax, or Ulyſſes, bear
What other prize my fancy ſhall prefer:
Then ſoftly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you pleaſe, you ſhall reſiſt in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us paſs.
A ſhip to ſail the ſacred ſeas prepare;
Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
With ſacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well choſen, the command ſhall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I pleaſe in thee:

Moſt fit thyſelf to ſee perform'd th' intent
For which my priſoner from my ſight is ſent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.
At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant; and thus replies:
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts are center'd on thyſelf alone,
Advanc'd to ſovereign ſway, for better ends
Than thus like abject ſlaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Againſt the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I ſuſtain,
To leave my fruitful ſoil and happy reign,
And plough the ſurges of the ſtormy main?
Thee, frontleſs man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy inſtruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on
throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redreſs
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'ſt with unjuſt decree,
To puniſh thy affronting heaven, on me.
To ſeize the prize which I ſo dearly bought;
By common ſuffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for ſtill above the reſt
Thy hook'd rapacious hands uſurp the beſt.

Tho

Though mine are firſt in fight, to force the prey;
And laſt ſuſtain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldſt ingroſs
The whole, inſatiate, envy'ſt as thy loſs.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here ſuſtain the public ſcorn.
The king, whoſe brows with ſhining gold were bound,
Who ſaw his throne with ſcepter'd ſlaves encompaſs'd round,
Thus anſwer'd ſtern: Go, at thy pleaſure, go:
We need not ſuch a friend, nor fear we ſuch a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will aſſiſt, and Jove aſſert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art leaſt at my command, and moſt my foe.
Debates, diſſenſions, uproars, are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to deſtroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boaſt alone;
At leaſt 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; ſince I muſt reſign
My black-ey'd maid, to pleaſe the Powers divine;
(A well-rigg'd veſſel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)

The ſhip ſhall waft her to her wiſh'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-ſhooting God.
This thus diſpatch'd, I owe myſelf the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy deſpight,
This hand ſhall raviſh thy pretended right.
Briſeis ſhall be mine, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy coſt may learn the difference of degree.

At this th' impatient hero ſourly ſmil'd:
His heart impetuous in his boſom boil'd:
And, juſtled by two tides of equal ſway,
Stood, for a while, ſuſpended in his way:
Betwixt his reaſon, and his rage untam'd;
One whiſper'd ſoft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counſel'd to the ſafer ſide;
This to the ſword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpuniſh'd to ſupport th' affront was hard:
Nor eaſy was th' attempt to force the guard.
But ſoon the thirſt of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half ſhone his faulchion, and half ſheath'd it ſtood.
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commiſſion'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Deſcended ſwift (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight ſhould follow; for ſhe favour'd both):
Juſt as in act he ſtood, in clouds inſhrin'd,
Her hand ſhe faſten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls ſhe drew;
To him, and him alone, confeſs'd in view.

Yaw

Tam'd by ſuperior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghaſt at firſt, and ſtupid with ſurprize:
But by her ſparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus beſpoke:
Com'ſt thou, Celeſtial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus rejoin'd;
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reaſon will reſume her ſovereign ſway,
And, ſent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal ſhe loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due reſpect;
And ceaſe contention; be thy words ſevere,
Sharp as he merits: but the ſword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront ſhall dearly pay:
When the proud king ſhall ſue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loſs, and conquer thy diſdain.
But thou, ſecure of my unfailing word,
Compoſe thy ſwelling ſoul, and ſheath the ſword.
The youth thus anſwer'd mild; Auſpicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are juſt, and when, ſubduing ſenſe,
We ſerve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He ſaid; with ſurly faith believ'd her word,
And in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the ſword.
Her meſſage done, ſhe mounts the bleſs'd abodes,
And mix'd among the ſenate of the Gods.
At her departure his diſdain return'd
The fire ſhe fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;

Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Daſtard, and drunkard, mean and inſolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremoſt, but the lag in fight;
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled preaſe,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian ſoul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at eaſe, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
Theſe, traitor, are thy talents; ſafer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldſt thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their ſouls as abject as their ſtate.
But, by this ſceptre, ſolemnly I ſwear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch ſhall bear,
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to thoſe
Who laws diſpenſe, and mighty wrongs oppoſe)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift ſhall bribe it, and no prayer perſuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to ſtrow the field,
Then ſhalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confeſs
My wrong repented, when 'tis paſt redreſs.
He ſaid: and with diſdain, in open view,
Againſt the ground his golden ſceptre threw;
Then ſate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnaſhing grinders churn'd.

But

But from his ſeat the Pylian prince aroſe,
With reaſoning mild, their madneſs to compoſe:
Words, ſweet as honey, from his mouth diſtill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; ſtill in council great.
What worſe, he ſaid, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than theſe diſtemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private intereſt diſunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let theſe youthful paſſions be repreſs'd:
I flouriſh'd long before your births; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than theſe dim eyes ſhall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theſeus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With theſe I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to ſhare.
Nor idle ſtood with unaſſiſting hands,
When ſalvage beaſts, and men's more ſalvage bands,
Their virtuous toil ſubdued: yet thoſe I ſway'd,
With powerful ſpeech: I ſpoke, and they obey'd.
If ſuch as thoſe my counſels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminiſh'd name,
Shall loſe of luſtre, by ſubjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, ſtretch not thy ſovereign ſway
Beyond the bounds free ſubjects can obey:

But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd ſceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchleſs thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou firſt, O king, releaſe the rights of ſway;
Power, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the people beſt obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their ſource;
Command thyſelf, whom no commands can force.
The ſon of Thetis, rampire of our hoſt,
Is worth our care to keep; nor ſhall my prayers be loſt.
Thus Neſtor ſaid, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His ſilence next; but ponder'd ere he ſpoke.
Wiſe are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial ſway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our ſtate,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have given him ſtrength: but whence the ſtile
Of lawleſs power aſſum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him ſhort; and thus reply'd:
My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, poſſeſs'd with fear,
Such haughty inſolence can tamely bear?
Command thy ſlaves: my freeborn ſoul diſdains
A tyrant's curb; and reſtiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no diſpute ſhall riſe
(Though mine the woman) for my raviſh'd prize:

But

But ſhe excepted, as unworthy ſtrife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beſide, by lot my due,
But ſtand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, elſe, not hitherto withſtood,
Theſe hoſtile fields ſhall fatten with thy blood.
He ſaid; and roſe the firſt: the council broke;
And all their grave conſults diſſolv'd in ſmoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd ſilent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a veſſel ſtores;
Supplies the banks with twenty choſen oars:
And next, to reconcile the ſhooter God,
Within her hollow ſides the ſacrifice he ſtow'd:
Chryſeis laſt was ſet on board; whoſe hand
Ulyſſes took, intruſted with command:
They plow the liquid ſeas, and leave the leſſening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boaſt,
Bade purify the ſin-polluted hoſt.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whoſe offer'd entrails in the main were caſt.
Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of ſavory ſtench involve the ſky.
Theſe pomps the royal hypocrite deſign'd
For ſhew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length diſcover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the juſt,
Heralds of arms, and miniſters of truſt,

He

He call'd, and thus beſpoke: Haſte hence your way;
And from the Goddeſs-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (ſo tell him) ſhall chaſtiſe his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in perſon come,
To vindicate his power, and juſtify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren ſhore purſue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Theſſalians lay.
Their ſovereign ſeated on his chair, they find;
His penſive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he ſaw them entering in
Without ſalute: nor durſt they firſt begin,
Fearful of raſh offence and death foreſeen.
He ſoon, the cauſe divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of ſpeech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
Howe'er unpleaſing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witneſſes I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifeſt: that never more
This hand ſhall combat on the crooked ſhore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppreſs'd in fight,
[illegible]ty'd periſh in their tyrant's ſight.

Blind

Blind of the future, and by rage miſled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his inſulted camp from foes defend.
He ſaid; and ſoon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briſeis from her tent;
Then to th intruſted meſſengers reſign'd:
She wept, and often caſt her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man ſhe lov'd: they led her thence,
Along the ſhore, a priſoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren ſands the ſuffering chief
Roar'd out for anguiſh, and indulg'd his grief.
Caſt on his kindred ſeas a ſtormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus beſpoke:
Unhappy parent of a ſhort-liv'd ſon,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my ſmall remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with ſhame?
Suffering his king of men to force my ſlave,
Whom, well deſerv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
Set by old Ocean's ſide the Goddeſs heard;
Then from the ſacred deep her head ſhe rear'd:
Roſe like a morning-miſt; and thus begun
To ſooth the ſorrows of her plaintive ſon.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his ſmart?
Let thy afflicted parent ſhare her part.
Then, ſighing from the bottom of his breaſt,
To the Sea-Goddeſs thus the Goddeſs-born addreſs'd:
Thou know'ſt my pain, which telling but recals:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

The

The ranſack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden ſpoils;
Equal we ſhar'd them; but before the reſt,
The proud Prerogative had ſeiz'd the beſt.
Chryſeis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryſeis roſy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her ſire, Apollo's prieſt, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his ſceptre's command.
His ſuit was common, but above the reſt
To both the brother-princes was addreſs'd.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to ſet the priſoner free.
Not ſo the tyrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held ſo dear;
In an ill hour his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
And heaps on heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
A ſeer who well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
The ſource of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,

The God appeas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common ſuffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, t' avenge thy injur'd ſon:
Aſcend the ſkies; and ſupplicating move
Thy juſt complains, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed haſt wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often haſt thou ſaid
Thy power was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
When he, who high above the higheſt reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,
Thou freed'ſt the ſovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terreſtrial name Ægeon know:
Twice ſtronger than his ſire, who ſate above
Aſſeſſor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, diſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durſt their unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footſtool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp incloſe,

Ours beaten to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
And what their king deſerves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
May learn the value of the man he loſt.
To whom the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere ſhe ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:
Ah, wretched me! by Fates averſe, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwiſe ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet ſheds his poiſonous rays
And ſhort, and full of ſorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will aſcend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy ſuit commend.
Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.
She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Mean

Meantime with proſperous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port: where entering with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd; and made with haulſers faſt.
Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb to pleaſe the ſhooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led; and thus beſpoke her ſire:
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd;
And ſent by me with preſents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God:
God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain.

But from th' afflicted hoſt and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.
Now when the ſolemn rites of prayer were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt.
Then, turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped:
The fatted oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd-off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd;
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeaſe
With ſavory meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The firſt libations to the Gods they pour:
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring.
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At ſun-ſet to their ſhip they make return,
And ſnore ſecure on decks, till roſy morn.
The ſkies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the ſhore:

The Power appeas'd, with winds ſuffic'd the ſail,
The bellying canvas ſtrutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with ſurly pride,
And preſs againſt the ſides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the ſtrand their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked ſhore.
Meantime the Goddeſs-born in ſecret pin'd;
Nor viſited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping cloſe, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wiſh'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppreſs'd in fight to hear the dying ſounds.
Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head aſcending from the ſea,
A ſhoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her ſon,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Purſued their track; and waken'd from his reſt,
Before the ſovereign ſtood a morning gueſt.
Him in the circle, but apart, ſhe found:
The reſt at awful diſtance ſtood around.
She bow'd, and ere ſhe durſt her ſuit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celeſtial ſire, in ought
Have ſerv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,

One glimpſe of glory to my iſſue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Diſhonour'd by the king of men he ſtands:
His rightful prize is raviſh'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my ſon's defence,
Aſſume thy power, aſſert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the conſidering God was mute:
Till ſhe, reſolv'd to win, renew'd her ſuit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face.
That I, of all the Gods, am leaſt in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And, ſighing firſt, this anſwer he return'd:
Know'ſt thou what clamours will diſturb my reign,
What my ſtunn'd ears from Juno muſt ſuſtain?
In council ſhe gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now ſhe will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and ſhun her jealous ſight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When, nodding to thy ſuit, he bows the ſky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The ſign ordain'd, that what I will ſhall come:
The ſtamp of heaven, and ſeal of fate. He ſaid,
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head.

With terror trembled heaven's ſubſiding hill:
And from his ſhaken curls ambroſial dews diſtil.
The Goddeſs goes exulting from his ſight,
And ſeeks the ſeas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Powers reſort,
Each from his houſe to fill the ſovereign's court.
Nor waiting ſummons, nor expecting ſtood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But ſullen diſcontent ſate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at diſtance ſhe had ſeen,
Whiſpering with Jove, the ſilver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her ſilence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone ſhe ſpoke.
Author of ills, and cloſe contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what proſtitute of love,
Has held thy ear ſo long, and begg'd ſo hard,
For ſome old ſervice done, ſome new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that 's your ſpecial care,
The conſort never muſt the council ſhare.
One gracious word is for a wife too much;
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is ſuch.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddeſſes are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her huſband's life:
Counſel ſhe may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge firſt, of what is fit to hear.

What I tranſact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor preſs too near the throne.
To whom the Goddeſs with the charming eyes,
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
When did I ſearch the ſecrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'ſt, to hide from common ſight
Thy cloſe intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the ſilver-footed dame,
Tripping from ſea, on ſuch an errand came,
To grace her iſſue, at the Grecians' coſt,
And for one peeviſh man deſtroy an hoſt.
To whom the Thunderer made this ſtern reply;
My houſhold curſe, my lawful plague, the ſpy
Of Jove's deſigns, his other ſquinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be maſter ſtill, and Juno fail.
Should thy ſuſpicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'ſt more odious to my ſight,
For this attempt: uneaſy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worſe for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand againſt Omnipotence.
This heard, th' imperious Queen ſate mute with fear:
Nor further durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the Gods, abaſh'd, ſuſtain their ſovereign's look.

The

The limping Smith obſerv'd the ſadden'd feaſt,
And hopping here and there, (himſelf a jeſt)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obſequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleaſure will for mortals jar?
Such diſcord but diſturbs our jovial feaſt;
One grain of bad, embitters all the beſt.
Mother, though wiſe yourſelf, my counſel weigh;
'Tis much unſafe my ſire to diſobey.
Not only you provoke him to your coſt,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is loſt.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong, from his heavenly tower.
But one ſubmiſſive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good-humour with us all.
He ſaid no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus purſued,
This curſed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient ſtill;
Though griev'd, yet ſubject to her huſband's will.
I would not ſee you beaten; yet, afraid
Of Jove's ſuperior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, ſince that hapleſs hour
When I and all the Gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the ſetting ſun.

Pitch'd

Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian grou
Receiv'd my batter'd ſkull, the Sinthians heal
wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother ſmil'd,
And ſmiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude ſkinker ſtill reſtor'd.
Loud fits of laughter ſeiz'd the gueſts, to ſee
The limping God ſo deft at his new miniſtry.
The feaſt continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'tw
night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muſes ſung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart,
Each to his houſe; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering God
Ev'n he withdrew to reſt, and had his load.
His ſwimming head to needful ſleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his ſide.

The

The LAST PARTING of HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to viſit Helen his ſiſter-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unſucceſsfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to ſee his wife Andromache, and his infant ſon Aſtyanax. The deſcription of that interview is the ſubject of this tranſlation.

THUS having ſaid, brave Hector went to ſee
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache,
He found her not at home; for ſhe was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant ſon,
To climb the ſteepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, ſhe might ſurvey
The bloody buſineſs of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes ſhe caſt around the plain,
And ſought the lord of her deſires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When ſhe, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and aſk'd of every one,
Which way ſhe took, and whither ſhe was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long proceſſion to Minerva's fane?

The

The ſervants anſwer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's ſons and daughters did reſort,
Nor to the temple was ſhe gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more ſolicitous for him alone,
Than all their ſafety, to the tower was gone,
There to ſurvey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly ſhe paſs'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurſe went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no ſtay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He paſs'd through every ſtreet, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herſelf, a greater dower alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with joy and paſſion wild;
The nurſe came lagging after with her child.
The royal babe upon her breaſt was laid;
Who, like the morning ſtar, his beams diſplay'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aſtyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a ſilent ſmile:
His tender wife ſtood weeping by the while:

Preſs'd

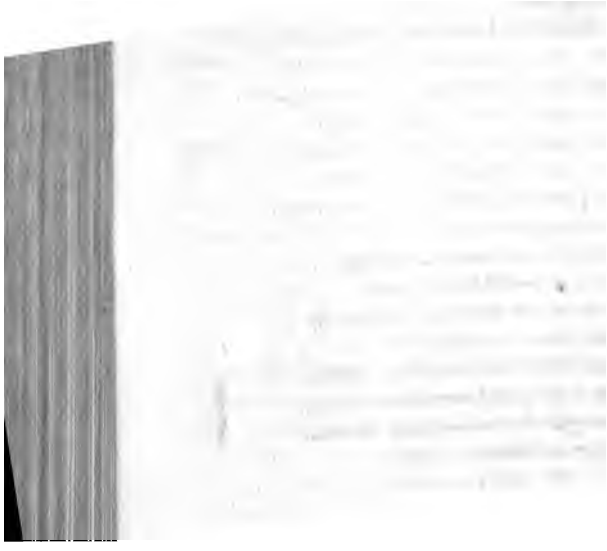
Preſs'd in her own, his warlike hand ſhe took,
Then ſigh'd, and thus prophetically ſpoke:
Thy dauntleſs heart (which I foreſee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor doſt thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpleſs orphan, whom thou leav'ſt behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who muſt in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They ſeek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppreſs thy ſingle might:
Better it were for miſerable me
To die, before the fate which I foreſee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal ſorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By ſtern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father ſlew;
He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark manſions took the mournful way;
Slain by the ſame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.

My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan queen
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans would reward my pains
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trai

The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itſelf, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.

This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'er-ſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His ſire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took;
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke:
Parent of Gods and Men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the Powers above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me,

May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd:
With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS,
and HORACE.

PREFACE,

CONCERNING

Mr. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATIONS.

FOR this laſt half-year I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of tranſlation: the cold proſe fits of it, which are always the moſt tedious with me, were ſpent in the hiſtory of the League; the hot, which ſucceeded them, in verſe miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myſelf a kind of eaſe in the change of the paroxyſm; never ſuſpecting but the humour would have waſted itſelf in two or three paſtorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more pleaſing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myſelf to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon ſome parts of them, which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural impulſes for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; which made me uneaſy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is, like a ſeeming demonſtra-

tion in the Mathematics, very ſpecious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally obſerved his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinced both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity, than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commiſſion: for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcovered ſome beauty yet undiſcovered by thoſe pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear ſo ſhining in the Engliſh. And where I have enlarged them, I deſire the falſe critics would not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Engliſhman, they are ſuch as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike *himſelf*. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the

life: where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without ſome indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I may ſay, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame Poets, whom our Ogilbys have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good Poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull tranſlation, than his carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many, who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: it is impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt of company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt, which he contracted while he

was laying-in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficul
to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and criti
to diſcern not only good writers from bad, and a
per ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh
which is pure in a good author, from that which is
cious and corrupt in him. And for want of all th
requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our
genious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engl
Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him,
they think, without knowing wherein he is defectiv
where he is boyiſh and trifling, wherein either hi
thoughts are improper to his ſubject, or his expreſſion
unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is un-
harmonious. Thus it appears neceſſary, that a man
ſhould be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he
attempts to tranſlate a foreign language. Neither is it
ſufficient, that he be able to judge of words and ſtyle;
but he muſt be a maſter of them too: he muſt per-
fectly underſtand his author's tongue, and abſolutely
command his own. So that, to be a thorough tranſla-
tor, he muſt be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough
to give his author's ſenſe in good Engliſh, in poetical
expreſſions, and in muſical numbers: for, though all
theſe are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet re-
mains an harder taſk; and it is a ſecret of which few
tranſlators have ſufficiently thought. I have already
hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the
maintaining the character of an author, which diſtin-
guiſhes him from all others, and makes him appear
that individual Poet whom you would interpret. For

example,

example, not only the thoughts, but the ſtyle and verſification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I ſee, even in our beſt Poets, who have tranſlated ſome parts of them, that they have confounded their ſeveral talents; and, by endeavouring only at the ſweetneſs and harmony of numbers, have made them both ſo much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I ſhould never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected againſt a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, becauſe he always ſtudied himſelf more than thoſe who ſat to him. In ſuch tranſlators I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the hand which performed the work, but I cannot diſtinguiſh their Poet from another. Suppoſe two authors are equally ſweet, yet there is a great diſtinction to be made in ſweetneſs; as in that of ſugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my tranſlations out of four ſeveral Poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of theſe, before I undertook them, I conſidered the genius and diſtinguiſhing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a ſuccinct, grave, and majeſtic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and ſyllable: who was ſtill aiming to crowd his ſenſe into as narrow a compaſs as poſſibly he could; for which reaſon he is ſo very figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a grammar apart to conſtrue him. His verſe

is

is every where ſounding the very thing in your ear whoſe ſenſe it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in ſtyles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of muſic in their verſes. All the verſification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compaſs of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſenſe at the end of a verſe, and that verſe commonly which they call golden, or two ſubſtantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of numbers and ſound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verſe runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting-off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; frequently makes uſe of Synalæpha's, and concludes his ſenſe in the middle of his verſe. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and groſs hyperboles: he maintains majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular conſideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they

are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs, to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf: for, where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous, of any tranſlation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin Orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek Poet; and that the Latin Poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek Orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman Poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Beſides

Beſides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a tranſlator has not; he is confined by the ſenſe of the inventor to thoſe expreſſions which are the neareſt to it: ſo that Virgil, ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a tranſlator cannot render without circumlocutions. In ſhort, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might alſo have called him the plague of tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be tranſlated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able, I have performed that Epiſode too literally; that, giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus, that verſion, which has more of the majeſty of Virgil, has leſs of his conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for myſelf, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might poſſibly have ſucceeded better; but never ſo well as to have ſatisfied myſelf.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it poſſible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves, approaches neareſt to the Roman in its majeſty: neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally conſiſts that beauty, which gives ſo inexpreſſible a pleaſure to him who beſt

under-

underſtands their force. This diction of his (I muſt once again ſay) is never to be copied; and, ſince it cannot, he will appear but lame in the beſt tranſlation. The turns of his verſe, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the haſtineſs of my performance, would allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſenſe: but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I underſtand him better: at leaſt I writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lauſus I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's ſenſe; but they are too like the tenderneſs of Ovid, and were printed before I had conſidered them enough to alter them. The firſt of them I have forgotten, and cannot eaſily retrieve, becauſe the copy is at the preſs; the ſecond is this:

"When Lauſus died, I was already ſlain."

This appears pretty enough at firſt ſight; but I am convinced, for many reaſons, that the expreſſion is too bold; that Virgil would not have ſaid it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he pleaſe, for the freeneſs of the confeſſion; and inſtead of that, and the former, admit theſe two lines, which are more according to the author:

"Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign;
"As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine,"

Having

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to conſider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have tranſlated more happily in thoſe parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the beſt age of Roman Poetry, he was at leaſt of that which preceded it; and he himſelf refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an eaſy taſk to Virgil; who as he ſucceeded him in time, ſo he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had choſen a ſubject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical deſcriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you ſee Virgil has imitated with great ſucceſs in thoſe four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verſes he has likewiſe followed in thoſe places which Lucretius has moſt laboured; and ſome of his very lines he has tranſplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not miſtaken, the diſtinguiſhing character of Lucretius (I mean of his ſoul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and poſitive aſſertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reaſon, and aſſuming an abſolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and uſing a magiſterial authority while he inſtructs him. From his time to ours, I know none ſo like him, as our Poet and Philoſopher of Malmeſbury. This is that perpetual dictatorſhip,

torſhip, which is exerciſed by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet ſeems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain ſincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at leaſt doubt of ſome eternal truths, which he has oppoſed. But for Lucretius, he ſeems to diſdain all manner of replies, and is ſo confident of his cauſe, that he is beforehand with his antagoniſts; urging for them whatever he imagined they could ſay, and leaving them, as he ſuppoſes, without an objection for the future: all this too with ſo much ſcorn and indignation, as if he were aſſured of the triumph before he entered into the liſts. From this ſublime and daring genius of his it muſt of neceſſity come to paſs, that his thoughts muſt be maſculine, full of argumentation, and that ſufficiently warm. From the ſame fiery temper proceeds the loftineſs of his expreſſions, and the perpetual torrent of his verſe, where the barrenneſs of his ſubject does not too much conſtrain the quickneſs of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his deſcriptions, and in the moral part of his Philoſophy, if he had not aimed more to inſtruct, in his ſyſtem of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialiſt, and teaching him to defy an inviſible power. In ſhort, he was ſo much an atheiſt, that he forgot ſometimes to be a Poet. Theſe are the conſiderations which I had of that author before I attempted to tranſlate ſome parts of him. And accordingly

ingly I laid by my natural diffidence and ſcepticiſm for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I ſaid, is ſo much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the ſoul, they are ſo abſurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural arguments; at leaſt, to take away rewards and puniſhments is only a pleaſing proſpect to a man, who reſolves before-hand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen inſupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confined to the ſhortneſs of our preſent beings, eſpecially when we conſider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the exceſſes, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be incapable of puniſhment after he is dead? If he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to reſtrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the leaſt ſenſe of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their intereſt, and that not always, when a paſſion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my thoughts abſtractedly, and without entering into the notions of

our Chriſtian faith, which is the proper buſineſs of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into Engliſh) not belonging to the mortality of the ſoul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable man, to make him leſs in love with life, and conſequently in leſs apprehenſions of death. Such as are the natural ſatiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the ſame things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleaſures; the decay of underſtanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and uſeleſs to others. Theſe, and many other reaſons, ſo pathetically urged, ſo beautifully expreſſed, ſo adorned with examples, and ſo admirably raiſed by the Proſopopeia of nature, who is brought-in ſpeaking to her children, with ſo much authority and vigor, deſerve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unſucceſsful, or unworthy of my author. At leaſt I muſt take the liberty to own, that I was pleaſed with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not diſſatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

I have not here deſigned to rob the ingenious and learned tranſlator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has ſo juſtly acquired by the whole author, whoſe fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our tranſlations are very different. He follows him more cloſely than I have

have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he uſed my method in ſo long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my buſineſs to tranſlate the whole. The preference then is juſtly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confeſſion of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already eſtabliſhed in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obſcure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himſelf is to be condemned, I refer myſelf to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new pleaſure.

My preface begins already to ſwell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by ſo tedious a beſpeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman ſhall quickly be diſpatched, becauſe I have more buſineſs with the Roman.

That which diſtinguiſhes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raiſes him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderneſs of his paſſions, and the natural expreſſion of them in words ſo becoming a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines through all he writes. He ſhews his art and learning, by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds never riſe above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the ſame difference betwixt him and Virgil,

Virgil, as there is between Taſſo's Aminta and the Paſtor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherds are too well read in the Philoſophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Taſſo have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, in relation to his ſimilitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his compariſons were taken from the country. The ſame may be ſaid of our Theocritus. He is ſofter than Ovid; he touches the paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its clowniſhneſs, like a fair ſhepherdeſs in her country ruſſet, talking in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for Virgil to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it ſucceed in Engliſh: for which reaſon I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who ſpoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my tranſlations to our ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſidered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satiriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators ſay what they will, his Philoſophy was Epicurean; and he made uſe of Gods and Providence only to

ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſm, which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and railly is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine myſelf wholly to his Odes. These are alſo of ſeveral ſorts: ſome of them are panegyrical, others moral, the reſt jovial, or (if I may ſo call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his ſubject with almoſt imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his maſter. But Horace is of the more bounded ſpace, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of verſe, or ſtanza, in every Ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his ſtyle from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerouſneſs of his verſe. There is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to ſpeak Engliſh) in all his expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgil's; but there ſeems to be a greater ſpirit in them. There is a ſecret happineſs attends his choice, which is Petronius is called "Curioſa Felicitas," and which I ſuppoſe he had from the "Feliciter audere" of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his character ſeems to me to be his briſkneſs, his jollity, and his good-humour: and thoſe I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confeſs, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleaſed me

in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindaric Verſe; it is that which is inſcribed to the preſent Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this ſmall teſtimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my maſter-piece in Engliſh: for which reaſon I took this kind of verſe, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it has made it ſpread: but it has not been conſidered enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, whom (to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But, if I may be allowed to ſpeak my mind modeſtly, and without injury to his ſacred aſhes, ſomewhat of the purity of the Engliſh, ſomewhat of more equal thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the numbers, in one word, ſomewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verſe, is yet wanting. As for the ſoul of it, which conſiſts in the warmth and vigor of fancy, the maſterly figures, and the copiouſneſs of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itſelf be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the eſſential, what rules of morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deſerve to be *models* in all they write. Milton's Para-

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diſe Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no ſtats againſt his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along ſometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſſion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to ſay, that, in imitating him, our numbers ſhould, for the moſt part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majeſty of thought requires it, they may be ſtretched to the Engliſh Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of ſix. But the ear muſt preſide, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verſe can never be complete: the cadency of one line muſt be a rule to that of the next; and the ſound of the former muſt ſlide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It muſt be done like the ſhadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad, if I have ſo explained myſelf as to be underſtood; but if I have not, "quod nequeo dicere & ſentio tantùm" muſt be my excuſe. There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but, to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid is the general opinion of the beſt judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by ſeeing a noble ſort of Poetry ſo happily reſtored by one man,

and ſo groſsly copied by almoſt all the reſt. A muſical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could ariſe in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

"----Fungar vice cotis, acutum
"Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi."

To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This, I grant, is no excuſe: for it may be reaſonably urged, why did he not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my caſe), why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a ſubject? The objection is unanſwerable; but, in part of recompence, let me aſſure the reader, that, in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an author's preſent ſenſe, which cooler thoughts would poſſibly have diſguiſed. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, though not of judgment, in theſe incorrect Eſſays, and conſequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleaſure is not the leſs.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

OR, THE

THIRD IDYLLIUM OF

THEOCRITUS, Paraphraſed.

TO Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!

Ten

Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy, like your lips, their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kiſſes are but empty when compar'd.

I rave,

I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parſly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high?
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
Yon would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The withering leaf foreſhew'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,

And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids ran friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice!
My right eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid, Run; the glittering bribe cry'd, Hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.

Why

Why name I men, when Love extended ſinds
His power on high, and in cœleſtial minds;
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'ts time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

From the 18th Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

TWelve Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did reſort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To ſing a bleſſing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers beſpread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride muſt be,
And Jove himſelf was leſs a God than he:
For this their artful hands inſtruct the lute to ſound,
Their feet aſſiſt their hands, and juſtly beat the ground.
This was their ſong: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the ſtars are kindled in the ſky,
Ere twilight ſhades, or evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to bed?
Has Somnus bruſh'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuſe to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?

If

If gentle ſlumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou doſt not mean to ſleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyſelf, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At ſports more harmleſs till the break of day;
Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore.
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon;
Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelveſcore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt,
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the night and winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year,
Salutes the ſpring, as her celeſtial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the ſkies:

So beauteous Helen ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the Graces bleſt.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
In baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſouls inſpire;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream:
None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's ſun a matron ſhall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.

The

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, ſon-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtrutts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE
DESPAIRING LOVER.

From the 23d Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſued the faireſt nymph of all the plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
His perſon hated, and his gifts deſpis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſtening ears to ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:
Her ſallow cheeks her envious mind did ſhew,
And every feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a ſhrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate eſcape:
His love ſtill dreſs'd her in a pleaſing ſhape;

And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears ſo tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he ſtood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke:
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigreſs heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou ſhew'ſt thy pedigree from ſtone:
Thy granddame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathſome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below,
I go th' extremeſt remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah! what draught ſo deep to quench my fires?

Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye ſtones,
And threſhold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have ſuffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I ſhall do, the Gods and I can tell.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and ſoon decay,
And whiter ſnow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo:
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.
When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey;
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wiſh (but oh! my wiſh is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pitýleſs than death.
Then for my corpſe a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public ſcorn may hide.

Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breaſt,
And hail me thrice to everlaſting reſt:
Laſt let my tomb this ſad inſcription bear:
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O paſſengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having ſaid, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty ſtone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a ſliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal nooſe:
Then ſpurning backward took a ſwing, till death
Crept up, and ſtopt the paſſage of his breath.
The bounce burſt ope the door; the ſcornful fair
Relentleſs look'd, and ſaw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor caſt a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but bruſh'd regardleſs by:
And, as ſhe paſt, her chance or fate was ſuch,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the God of Love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedeſtal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling cruſh'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd;
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my ſcorn;
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human-kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whoſe vital power, air, earth, and ſea ſupplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling ſkies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the clouds and tempeſts fear:
And at thy pleaſing preſence diſappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dreſt;
For thee the ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy breaſt;
And Heaven itſelf with more ſerene and purer light is bleſt.
For when the riſing ſpring adorns the mead,
And a new ſcene of nature ſtands diſplay'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs,
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.

All

All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living regions doſt thou move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power diſplay:
To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and ſea let barbarous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtening world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe;
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;

And,

And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

The Beginning of the SECOND BOOK of LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore,
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more ſweet thy labouring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human-kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and power; their laſt endeavours bend
T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and health
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth.

O wret-

O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,
He ſpends his little ſpan; and overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A ſoul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That, wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation ſenſe is ſatisfy'd.
If golden ſconces hang not on the walls,
To light the coſtly ſuppers and the balls;
If the proud palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the graſs, beneath a poplar ſhade,
By the cool ſtream, our careleſs limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleaſures innocently bleſt,
When the warm ſpring with gaudy flowers is dreſt.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of ſtate:
But the poor patient will as ſoon be ſound
On the hard mattreſs, or the mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:

Unleſs

Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight
Of marſhal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their ſound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to purple, or to gold;
Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And juſt as children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
Ev'n in broad day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the breaſts of children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to day.

From

From the FIFTH BOOK of LUCRETIUS.

"Tum porrò puer, &c."

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE of the FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Inſcribed to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auſpicious queen of love,
And the twin ſtars the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore;
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea,
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood:

Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.

This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

The NINTH ODE of the FIRST BOOK of HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the labouring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

alc..e, with what he made,
..nd turn the world below;
..nand the ſtorms invade;
..ds by his commiſſion blow;
..nod he bids them ceaſe,
..the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou gett'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That youth unſour'd with ſorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unweildy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

The Twenty-ninth ODE of the First Book of HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verſe, and inſcribed to the Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rocheſter.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſceptre ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries Come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care:
No mortal intereſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly country ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great:
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A ſavory diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar,
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from human ſight

The

The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate;
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate are mine,
Not Heaven itſelf upon the paſt has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune,

IX.

e, that, with malicious joy,
s man her ſlave oppreſs,
of her office to deſtroy,
ldom pleas'd to bleſs:
rious and unconſtant ſtill,
an inclination to be ill,
degrades, delights in ſtrife,
tes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe 's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes the wings and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black;
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,

In

In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek:
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

The Second EPODE of HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free!
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court, and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook diſjoin

Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now-declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtering grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
No God of ſleep he need invoke;
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But, when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſty boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpears

Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter-nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh,
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,

More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

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